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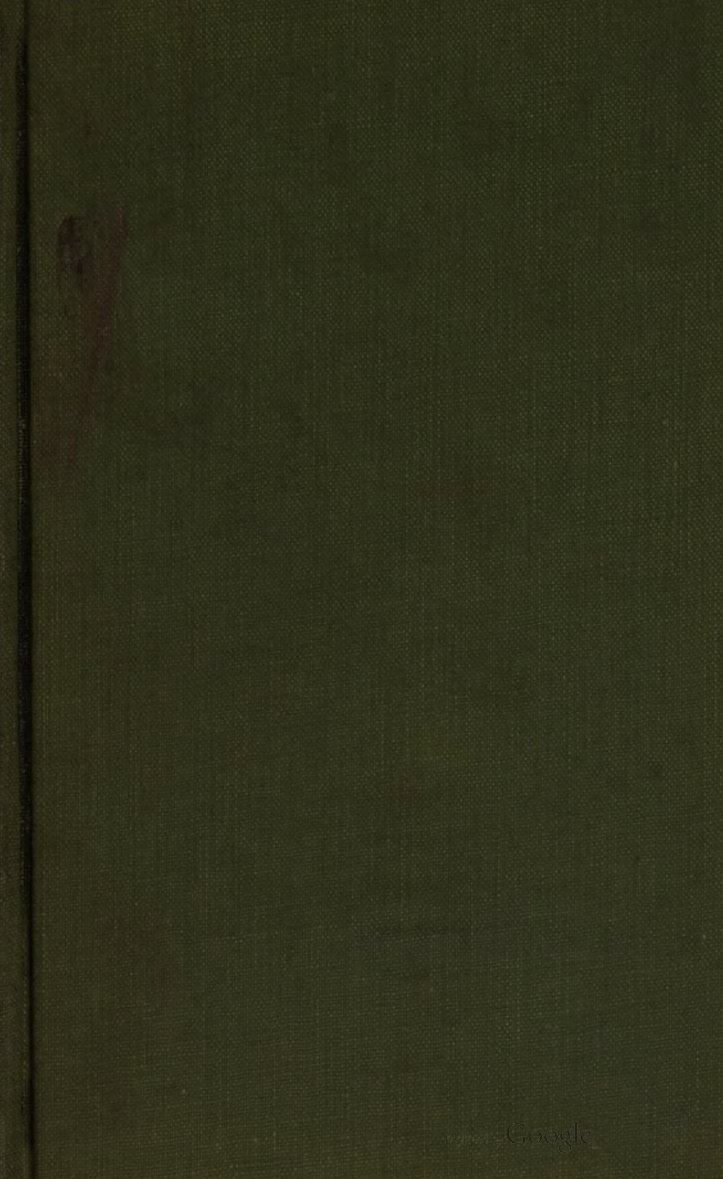
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Oct. 1900

BETWEEN THE WHIFFS

BETWEEN THE WHIFFS

**Being Short Stories, Anecdotes, Odd Sayings,
principally about Celebrities Literary,
Theatrical, etc., and about
Savage Clubmen**

BY

HENRY HERMAN

AUTHOR OF

"EAGLE JOE," "SCARLET FORTUNE," ETC., ETC

JOINT AUTHOR OF

"THE BISHOPS' BIBLE," "WILD DARRIE," "ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS"
"THE SILVER KING," "CLAUDIAN"
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1918

Between the Whiffs.

SCENE : *A Paris Exhibition restaurant.*

An Englishman, seated at one of the tables, calls "Waiter!"

Waiter comes.

Englishman : "What do you mean by bringing me fish like that ? Take it away ; it's gamey !"

Waiter sniffs at the piscatorial offence, shrugs his shoulders, and says :

"Mon Dieu ! Monsieur is right ; mais que voulez-vous ? Ze exposition is opane since May, and ve are near ze end of it."

IN the days of Barnes of glorious memory, king of all surveyable in Printing House Square, a brand newly-appointed reporter came to the master of the "Thunderer" with his "copy," freshly taken at the House. Barnes looked at the scrip, and, after his habit, pursed his lips.

"Much too long, sir; much too long, sir!" he cried.

"It's exactly as I took it, sir," the brand newly-appointed one replied; "and it's very interesting."

"Never mind, sir," was the *Times'* editor's answer; "cut out one-half."

A timid and anxious look clouded the reporter's features.

"Which half shall I cut out, sir?" he asked tremulously.

If the *Times'* salary sheets were consulted, they would prove that that reporter was not retained on the staff.

I am in a similar fix to-day. I have a heap of good stories to tell, quite a shower of leaflets from my diaries to collect, and I barely know which half to take. There was a Lord Mayor's fool—a very intelligent fool he was—who, when asked whether he preferred good things or lots of things, said that if he were given his choice he would like to have good things *and* lots of them.

I confess without a blush that, hardened sinner as I am, I have a sneaking liking for good things *and* lots of them. That Lord Mayor's fool knew which half to choose. He chose both, and so will I. I will dip into the lucky-bag, and higgledy-piggledy, as they may come up, I will give the reminiscences, the odd sayings, the anecdotes that are called to my mind.



AN old Savage, a good one and a true one, has blown his last whiff, has sipped his last glass of Scotch, and has told his last good story. John Maclean has started on the road which we all must travel some day or other. He was a man of many friends, and I do not think that good, kind, genial John boasted of such a luxury as an enemy in this world. He was always in great request at the Saturday house-dinners, and his Scotch recitations and patter songs were quite as popular as those of that most comic of his countrymen, John Proctor. Maclean was a Mason of high rank, and was father to more apprentices in the dramatic profession than any other man alive. On one occasion he succeeded in teaching a man who was afflicted with periodical fits of loss of memory. He successfully coached him

through his three degrees, and a few weeks afterwards he met the newly-made Master Mason in the street. The latter was in one of his clouds of forgetfulness, and remembered nothing and nobody. He did not recognise John.

“Dear me!” exclaimed Maclean. “Do you mean to tell me that you don’t know me? You were initiated at the —— Lodge, nearly a month ago.”

The initiated one looked at Maclean doubtfully.

“I suppose so,” he replied. “I dare say you are right.”

Mac imagined the man was having a lark with him, and commenced to lose his temper.

“Don’t know me!” he exclaimed. “Why, I’m your father!”

The cloudy one looked at Maclean with an air of sad perplexity.

“My father!” he drawled. “I shouldn’t have thought it. How’s my mother?”

MACLEAN made his first appearance in London, at the Surrey, somewhere about 1861, as Peter Purcell, in *The Idiot of the Mountain*. Shepherd and Creswick were the managers of the theatre then, and Mac was standing one day at the bar at Rockley's, when a kind friend pointed out the newly-engaged actor to Shepherd, who, having been ill, had not yet seen him.

"You're playing in my theatre, Mr. Maclean," Dick bawled in that William-the-Sailor voice of his.

"I'm playing in *The Idiot of the Mountain*, sir," Mac replied, half timidly.

"Glad to hear it, sir ; glad to hear it !" Dick exclaimed ; and then, anxious to put in his habitual joke, he asked with a merry

twinkle in his eye, "You're not the idiot, surely?"

Mac had heard all about his employer's idiosyncrasies, and knew that Shepherd did not mind putting up with a joke in return for his.

"No, sir," he answered with a serious face; "the manager who engaged me is the idiot!"



ANOTHER story about Maclean worth is recording. He was stage-manager of a *matinée* given by an aspiring lady-star who shall be nameless, as, since then, she has seen the error of her ways, and become a brightly glittering fixed point in the theatrical constellation. The young lady had taken upon her meagre shoulders the heavy load of Pauline. Maclean was the Damas and stage-manager at the same time. The young lady had a know-all mother, who somehow or other had got into her head that Maclean intended to hide her daughter's shining light under the bushel of unfair preponderance accorded to Claude Melnotte and Col. Damas. Acting according to maternal advice, the young *tragédienne* became a very Jack-in-the-box for turning up in the centre of the stage. Wherever Maclean would put her, right, left, front, or back, the moment his back was turned, Miss So-and-so would be found in the very

middle of the boards. Counsel, kindness, persuasion, tact, quiet sarcasm were equally useless; and, among other things, the star had a particular objection to making her exit at the sides. She imagined that a door should be specially found for her in the centre flat. In the cottage-scene with Claude Melnotte, a door had been prepared for her, as usual, in the upper portion of the right-hand flat, with the customary small flight of steps running up to it. Miss Headstrong, however, could not be induced, by hook or by crook, to move towards that door, but attempted, by all sorts of dodges, to reach the opening at the back, which was supposed to lead into the street.

“I cannot get to that door gracefully, Mr. Maclean,” she whined; “it is utterly impossible.”

“Madam!” cried Mac, his Scotch wrath rising apace, “you see those steps? They lead upwards; that means to imply that Pauline was an angel. But for you, if you like, we will open a trap in the very centre of the stage.”

HERE is another. Mac was seated one day in the room at the Caledonian, when a habitually impecunious friend crossed over to him, and said :

“Look here, old man. I owe Arthur ten shillings, and I had a row with him last night, and want to pay him. Lend me ten shillings, and I will give it back to you to-night.”

“I haven’t got the ten bob,” Maclean replied ; “else I’d do it with pleasure.”

The impecunious one hemmed and hawed for a moment ; then he said :

“I’ll tell you what, Mac. Arthur will lend you ten bob—borrow it for me.”

Mac good-naturedly did as he was desired, and the half-sovereign passed from Arthur’s hand to Mac’s, and thence to the no longer impecunious one. The latter, however, made no movement to employ the money he had borrowed for the purpose he had mentioned.

“Well, why don’t you pay Arthur the ten bob?” Mac asked at last. “That’s what you borrowed it for, isn’t it?”

“How can you be so neglectful of your own interests?” the other one replied. “If I don’t pay Arthur, you may get a portion of your money to-night; but if I do, you don’t stand a ghost of a chance.”



THERE was a man employed in the office of the Princess's Theatre whose name I forget, and whom, for the convenience of this anecdote, I will call Brown. Brown had in an accident lost one eye, and wore in the place of it a glass one, which, naturally, he could at any moment take out or put in without inconvenience. He used to ride about a great deal in cabs, and, like other people, objected to the cabman's whip being flicked in his face. On one occasion a big, red-faced, brandy-nosed ruffian drove him from the City to Oxford Street. The man whipped his horse unmercifully, and the knotted lash-end kept spinning and twirling across Brown's eye. Brown remonstrated, and was answered by volleys of oaths.

“I know my own business!” the scoun-

drel cried. "You keep your —— seat; and keep a civil tongue in your —— jaw!"

Swish! swish! the whip went again, this time hitting Brown in the face. The latter, without further ado, took his glass eye from its socket, and set up a fiendish yell.

"Stop! you villain! stop!" he cried, pulling at the reins with all his might; and was treated to another deluge of abuse.

"What's the matter now?" cried the cabman with objurgations, reining in his horse, and jumping from his box with the evident intention of giving his fare what for.

"You've murdered me, you blackguard! You've blinded me!" cried Brown, exhibiting the glass eye on the extended palm of one hand, and passing the other over the gaping socket.

"Do you mean to say as I've done this, sir?" stammered the man with a frightened stare, his red face turning an ashen-yellow, and his blue nose becoming green.

"I mean that you have knocked out my eye!" exclaimed Brown with a hoarse fierceness. "Now drive me to the theatre fast, and I'll send for the doctor and for the police at the same time."

The cabman remounted nervously, and drove to Oxford Street with extreme gentleness. Arrived at the theatre, Brown descended without paying.

"Wait here a moment," he said, "and I'll send for a policeman. A ruffian like you must be punished severely!"

That cabman did not wait. Crack went the whip, and the vehicle sped away like a flash. Brown having saved half-a-crown, replaced his glass eye, and went upstairs. The story, however, cost him far more than half-a-crown; for every time he told it he had to stand drinks round.

SAMSON destroyed the famous temple of the Philistines, and that feat of prowess has lived in the annals of the world; yet has it been excelled by a frailer and more modern hero.

Mr. Leonard Boyne, playing Romeo on the stage of the Londesborough Theatre, Scarborough, one evening, in the fight with Tybalt, cut a whole street of houses clean in two by one sweep of a dull stage-sword. "Fire and fury" had had their full swing! Leonard Boyne has made for himself such a firm position on the English stage as one of the best of our romantic actors, that he can well afford to have the following story published about him, as he himself told it years ago over the steaming toddy.

He had arrived in Liverpool, fresh from the Dublin maternal leading-strings, eager and anxious to enlist among the votaries of the art dramatic. He had a little stock of sovereigns, and these he spent freely in

the bars of the Alexandra, the Bee, the Stork, and wherever actors most did congregate; but they procured him not the right of exhibiting his genius on the sacred boards. He would have delighted to black his face as Othello, or to don the inky cloak of Hamlet; eagle-eyed Richelieu would have been to his juvenile fancy; but, alas! nobody seemed to believe that a new Roscius had come across the Channel from old Ireland.

From the theatres to the south of the London Road, Boyne wandered northward to the old Adelphi; but even there star parts were out of the question. The leading business was in the greedy clutches of a long, sallow-faced, big-voiced, elderly tragedian; a dark, badly shaven man, who squinted, was the heavy villain; a red-nosed gentleman, with a copious crop of pimples on a bleary face, was the *jeune premier*; second parts, responsables, everything worth having was full. They offered Boyne general utility, at a salary of fifteen shillings a week; and the budding trage-

dian did not shine even in that. Somehow or other things always went wrong with him on the stage. He would give his letters to the wrong person; he would go out at the wrong entrance, and dash against the *ingénue*, nearly breaking her nose; he would get his own sword between his legs and tumble over it, carrying a small regiment of lords and soldiers with him in his ignominious fall. Then they thought they would try him in another sphere, and he was made assistant prompter. They carefully explained to him the working of the gas-taps in the prompt corner. All being marked in plain letters, "Battens," "Floats," "Wing Lights," etc., he could not possibly make a mistake.

"You turn to the right," they said to him, "to turn off, and to the left to turn on."

"Sure, and I understand ye," Boyne replied. "It's all roight!"

Night came. The prompter was in the box, prompt-book in hand; Boyne behind

him, with his fingers on the gas-taps. The piece performed was a short-lived melodrama of the Liverpool Adelphi speciality. It was the end of an act, and the stage was in half-darkness. The battens were turned out, the wings ditto, and the only light shed upon the stage came from the half-turned-down footlights. The villain had crept into the room, and had reached the cradle wherein slept the child he was about to steal, when the mother entered lamp in hand.

"Floats up," whispered the prompter.

"Up where?" inquired Boyne quietly.

"Lights up!" repeated the official.

"Up where?" asked Boyne rather scaredly.

"Turn up the lights, you owl!" cried the man, busy all the while giving the lines to the actors on the stage, who were taken aback by the failure of the arranged business.

Boyne made a despairing grip at the tap marked "Floats," and turned it swiftly. Out went the lights altogether.

“You d—— fool!” cried the prompter; “what have you done now? What are you going to do now, you blithering idiot?”

Boyne drew himself up haughtily.

“Yer langwidge is not poloite,” he said, “an’ yer manner is not gentlemanly.”

With that he pulled out a box of matches, and folded a newspaper, which lay in the prompt corner, into a long strip. He lighted the latter, and stepping to the front of the stage, he handed the flaming sheet to the conductor, with the words:

“Will ye plaze loight the things again for me?”

There was some hissing, but most of the audience roared; and Boyne was not again entrusted with the working of the gas-taps.



THERE arrived one day at the Savage Club, a young and clever American journalist, the bearer of letters of introduction to several Savages who hailed from Yankeedom. He was made an honorary member upon the spot, and the club premises became as his own home to him. The young Californian had come to Europe with the fervent intention of altering the sluggard course of old-fashioned and steady-going, slow-coach English journalism; and for that purpose set to work to study English manners and customs in their various localities. The British nobleman was the creature, with whom to commune in private and intimate intercourse was his especial and ardently-expressed desire. A British nobleman—the real, genuine, unadulterated article, the eldest son of a duke—was found for him; an introduction was secured, and the nobleman, a gentleman of well-known

facile companionship, invited the journalist to supper.

In the early hours of one summer morning, the British nobleman and the American journalist went to "slumbers sweet" in the fashionable West-end hotel where the scion of England's aristocracy then abode. It is not known how many magnums of Mum or of Heidsieck had been absorbed previous to their peaceful repose, but the fact remained that the recently-made honorary member arrived at the club, the proud possessor of a ferocious headache, and not at all the possessor of a lovely, gold-cased, thousand-dollar presentation chronometer, the gift of a party of sympathising San Francisco friends. The watch was inquired after gently, quietly; it had been lost in the company of a British nobleman, and the British nobleman's feelings had to be dealt with delicately.

For a day or two it remained undiscoverable. Thereupon various Savages became most eager and anxious to know

the time, at all hours, and half-hours, and quarter-of-hours of the day, and the young and clever American was the one person to whom they invariably addressed their inquiries.

When the thing was exploded, as far as the smoking-room was concerned, and the young journalist fiercely and sullenly declined to listen to further questions about the hour from the members congregated there, venerable, white-bearded and bald-headed Savages, with all the hoary dignity of age and letters encircling their brows, were fetched from the dining-room, the writing-room, and the dressing-room to ask Mr. American Journalist what time it was.

Edward Draper, father among Savages, quiet and dignified, was thus dispatched, and innocently faced the raging lion, who gave a long glance at that calm face, and moaned aloud when asked :

“Will you please tell me, Mr.——, what time it is? Some of the fellows at the bar want to know.”

But the climax was reached when Dr. Strauss, with that noble, leonine, grey head of his, in all the earnestness of his eighty odd years, with slow and weak step shuffled into the smoking-room, and said :

“ Mr. —, I would be so much obliged if you would tell me the time ! ”

One look of dismay, one long wail of half-suppressed resentment, and the chaffed one fled in disgust from the smoking-room, only to find that his watch had been left for him with the steward about a quarter of an hour previously, and that it was but little damaged from the pretended efforts of various Savages to take it to pieces with a twelve-inch screw-driver to see how it was made !



WEBSTER was playing Napoleon at the Princess's Theatre, and a would-be clever practical joker amongst the company, one evening, changed the veteran actor's snuff-box for one containing pepper. Webster perceived the change in time, and immediately looked around the stage to try and discover the culprit. The uneasy bearing of a young actor playing the part of an officer betrayed the offender. Webster walked up to the man in his stateliest gait. He tapped him on the shoulder with a benign smile.

"You have done well, sir," he exclaimed; "your Emperor desires to honour you. Take a pinch from my box!"

The young histrion became red in the face, and stammered:

"I—I—dare not, sire."

"Take a pinch, sir!" cried Webster majestically. "Take a pinch, sir! Your Emperor commands you!"

The miserable young fellow, totally

unprepared for this piece of interpolated business, stretched out a trembling finger and thumb, and made a feeble pretence of touching the pepper in the box.

"Do not be afraid, young man," cried Webster, "take as much as you like!"

With that he gripped the actor's fingers, and causing them to take up as much pepper as they would hold, he carried the lot by a swift movement to the practical joker's nose.

When the fit of sneezing which followed had subsided, and when the young man had gone off at the wing half-choked, Webster turned to the company on the stage, saying:

"This is Imperial snuff, gentlemen, only to be used on special occasions."

Then he went calmly on with his part, the audience never suspecting that an unauthorised scene had been enacted.

Webster is dead; but the young actor still lives, honoured and famous, and over a glass of grog and a good cigar he sometimes tells the story against himself.

A WEALTHY young lieutenant of a Louisiana infantry regiment had taken a private box for a month at the Varieties Theatre, Richmond, where the Sisters Partington were singing at the time.

This was just before the "Seven Days' Battle," and Mary Partington had nearly finished "Comin' thro' the rye," when the guns in front of Mechanicsville fired their first volley, and the long roll resounded through the streets, calling upon all absentees to return to their regiments in camp outside.

For over a week after that the box was unoccupied; but one evening another

young officer presented himself, and demanded admission. The usher remonstrated, saying that another person had taken the box.

“That’s all right,” said the young Louisianian. “Joe’s dead. He was killed at Gaines’s Heights: but we tossed for the box before the fight, and I won!”



LUMLEY, great among operatic impresarios, was surnamed "The Silent," and "The Invisible," from the fact that he not only knew how to keep his own counsel, but could flit about Her Majesty's Theatre and see everything and everybody, without himself being seen.

One evening, after the theatre was closed, he saw, standing in the gloom of the passage leading to the stage-door, a girl who was crying bitterly.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he asked.

"The matter?" cried the weeping one. "I've been fined two shillings and I can't pay my rent, and I shall be turned out!"

"That's a pity," said Lumley softly. "You've been a naughty little girl, I suppose, and did not attend to your business. Why don't you ask Mr. Watson to let you off?"

"No good asking him," the girl answered between her sobs; "he says Mr. Lumley's such a skinflint that he daren't take off a fine when it's on the book."

"Oh! Mr. Watson said that," Lumley continued. "Why don't you ask Mr. Lumley himself?"

"Ask Mr. Lumley!" retorted the girl bitterly. "A miserly 'Wandering Jew' that nobody ever can catch!"

And the tears flowed faster than ever.

Lumley smiled in spite of himself, and pulled half-a-crown from his pocket.

"Here, my dear," he said, "take this from the miserly 'Wandering Jew,' and the next time you're in trouble you may come to him again."



WHEN James Albery's *Married* was produced at the Royalty Theatre, an unknown actor made the sensation of the evening in the part of a French waiter. His "*deux bocks, deux,*" his "*bifteck, un,*" had the genuine Parisian boulevard ring, and critics and first-nighters alike were asking one another in wonderment where Charles Wyndham had picked up this splendid, and hitherto unknown, character actor, whose name on the playbill, Mr. Crabbe, afforded no clue whatever.

When little John Clarke, as a Scotch manservant, in reply to the question whether the lady for whom he required rooms was his wife, vouchsafed the information, "No, she is my mistress,"—meaning his "employer,"—Crabbe's shrug

of the shoulder, his purse of the lip, and his phlegmatic answer,—“We are not at oll particular, zar,” was simply delicious.

On the following morning every paper in London picked out Crabbe as a most promising comedian.

Within a week after that, however, the cat was let out of the bag. Wyndham had simply engaged a French waiter from his father's hotel in Arundel Street to play the part, and that young man has never been heard of since!



THE Claimant was a frequent visitor in the "realms of dazzling light" situated behind the stage-door of the Globe Theatre during the run of *Falsacappa*, it being an open secret that a handsome and clever young lady, who has since disappeared from the theatrical horizon, exercised a magnetic attraction upon the ponderous one. Sir Roger, as he was then called by everybody, was a discreet personage; and those who only knew his person by his bulky appearance, would never have guessed with what ease and facility he could glide about nearly unseen, and make his presence unnoticed.

Another visitor behind the scenes at the Globe at that time was a small and wiry hussar officer, who was as determined, virulent, and violent an opponent of the "Tichborne fraud," as he called it, as could be found between John o' Groat's and Land's End. The little man, who

was, by the way, a perfect light-weight athlete, could at any moment be brought to seethe in a white-hot rage by the very mention of the Claimant or of any of his assertions.

By the delicate tact of the management the two fierce adversaries were always kept duly apart; and the big man, with that good-humour which was habitual to him, would efface himself to avoid a quarrel.

On one occasion, however, the peppery little hussar had made a bet with the stage-manager that he could lift in his arms any man on the stage. The performance was over, Falsacappa's brigand-home had disappeared, and but half-a-dozen dimly-defined shadows were flitting or standing about the darkened stage. The penalty for the hussar's failure was to be five pounds and suppers all round.

"Bring your man!" cried the wagerer.

The stage-manager dived into the gloom in the direction of the staircase leading to the dressing-rooms, and returned immedi-

ately with what, in the half-light, appeared to be a huge moving hogshead.

"I've brought your man, captain," he said. "Will you please lift this gentleman?"

There was a silence of a few seconds; then a fiendish yell, as of rage, torture, and despair, rang through the house.

"Take it away!" cried the little fellow. "Take it away, or I'll break it!"

The big man looked about him surprisedly, and seeing his puny enemy writhing in wrath, smiled benignly and shuffled away.

The little hussar, however, paid his wager, plus the cost of a supper; and was never again seen within the walls of the Globe Theatre.



SOMETHING like twenty years ago, the venerable and now extinct *Dublin University Magazine* passed into the hands of Durham Dunlop, best known by his work on *The Turkish Bath, and its Benefits*.

Dunlop was a lame man, who suffered severely from rheumatism; and when the attacks were very acute, his contributors—mostly young and ill-paid writers—suffered accordingly. On such occasions no copy was right. This was too serious, the other written with too much levity and want of due consideration of the subject; that story had been published in some other form, somewhere else—heaven only knew where; and MS. after MS. was cut about, reduced, given back for alterations, or returned altogether.

Even hardworked paragraph-writers, thirsting to see themselves in the glory of magazine print, got tired of this in

time, and the contributors, few in number, combined and conspired.

The Turkish bath was Dunlop's hobby; he was always asking for articles and stories about it that were not forthcoming, and the Turkish bath and its uses they would give him.

One fine morning the first contributor appeared in the little room in Gower Street with the customary MS. Dunlop opened the sheets; his eyes brightened when he saw the heading, "The Turkish Bath as used by the Turks," and smilingly he eulogised the writer for, at last, having discovered a suitable subject for a magazine article. It was instantly accepted.

Half-an-hour afterwards appeared contributor No. 2, also with his MS.—this one entitled "The Turkish Bath traced to its Employment by the Romans." That was certainly an attractive article. The first one was contemporary, the second historical—both were interesting, and both were accepted.

A little while elapsed, and there appeared contributor No. 3 with his MS., entitled "The Turkish Bath, and its Origin amongst the Egyptians." That went back farther than MS. No. 2. A glance over the scrip proved that the authorities quoted were such as Dunlop himself was well acquainted with—in fact he had spoken of this very subject in his book, only not at such length. Article No. 3 was purchased like the previous ones.

During the day a shower of essays upon "The Turkish Bath" fell upon the house in Gower Street, and most of them were accepted.

It was only when the first was published that Dunlop discovered that all these articles were simply elongated extracts from his own and kindred works on the Turkish bath.

After that, that subject was tabooed by the editor and proprietor of the *Dublin University Magazine*.

THE famous Dr. Ricord was lying on his death-bed. Just before the last moments came, the physicians who were watching in the room saw with astonishment that the dying man sat up in his bed, and looking mournfully around the chamber with an air of troubled enquiry, stretched out his emaciated hands, and moved his fingers in a running cadence as if he were playing the piano. All this without a word or a sound. Then he sank back on his pillow with a sigh.

No member of the family could explain the circumstance or its meaning, until the doctor's granddaughter, a charming little girl of ten, arrived from Algiers too late to see her illustrious relative alive.

"What a pity!" she said. "I did so want to keep my promise to poor grand-papa."

Then she related that, at her grandfather's request, she had learned to play

Niedermeyer's *Adieux de Marie Stuart*, and that the venerable doctor had taken her promise in the presence of M. Batta, the well-known violoncellist, that if they were in Paris when he was dying, they would play that melody for him as his swan's song.

The dead man's wish remained unfulfilled; but during the funeral service at St. Sulpice, the strings of a violoncello vibrated under the great artist's touch, and a child joined them in the plaintive melody which the dead man loved.



GEORGE MADDICK had been called in to assist, as usual, at the starting of a new paper, and on reaching the office, three or four days after the publication of the first number, he found the proprietor walking up and down his room in a rage.

“What’s the matter now?” he asked.

“The matter?” replied the newly-fledged journalistic adventurer. “Did you ever know such an unlucky man as myself in your life? Here we have not been out a week, and there’s a fellow already threatening me with an action for libel!”

“Libel!” exclaimed Maddick, with the gravest possible face. “Libel! Unlucky, did you say? Let me congratulate you, sir. The paper has actually been read!”

COPIED from a show-card in a shop-window on the Boulevard de Sebastopol, Paris :

“ If you will pictures have after photographs you can yourself for five francs taken have, and your wife for three francs painted have with oils all over.”

And yet they say that the French shop-keeper is impervious to humour !

ONCE in the days of the old Unity Club, of ever-pleasant memory, Joseph Mackay, Harry Leigh, myself, and one or two others left the rooms in Holywell Street, in the early hours of the morning, and strolled towards Covent Garden. We stopped at the Golden Lion, in the Strand, for the customary rum-and-milk, and there were met by Arthur Matthison, who, according to his custom, had been sitting up all night at work, and had come out to have a look at the flowers and the greenery.

Arthur was in a vile temper, and being asked the reason of this thusness, explained that he had allowed himself to be "bamboozled" into buying a half-crown ticket for a Derby sweep. Harry Leigh offered to purchase it from him, and so did I; and in the result we bought it between us.

The sweep was one which had been

got up by a cigar-shop keeper in a street off the Tottenham-court Road; and when I went to the place, a few days before the Derby, I found that we had drawn a probable starter—Doncaster.

When this fact became known, Arthur and ourselves were treated to a copious lathering of chaff. We were calmly informed that it was all nonsense that such a horse existed at all; that it had died two years previously. One man was present when it broke its leg. Another knew that it was blind and had the glanders. A third was more confidential, and assured us in a discreet whisper that he did not want to let the cat out of the bag, but that, as we were his friends, he would advise us to hedge, as he had stable information that the horse would never start. All this proved like water on a duck's back to us; we had staked our half-crown, and we would see the affair to the bitter end.

One can imagine Arthur's state of

mind and ours when, on the Wednesday afternoon, one fellow after the other came dashing into the club-room shouting:—

“Doncaster has won! Doncaster has won!”

Arthur sat there, grim, pale, and silent, like a statue of Remorse. In the end it was decided that Arthur was to share in the prize; and on the Saturday morning we marched off to the Tottenham-court Road to collect our fifty pounds. Alas, and woe is me! That cigar-shop was barred by bulky shutters, and neither Arthur, Harry, nor myself ever smelt a single sixpence of that Derby prize!



A LADY of society called at the studio of a great painter.

“What a beautiful picture!” she exclaimed, as she stood before the easel. “You might tell me the secret which enables you to paint so well.”

“The matter is a very simple one,” the artist replied. “You have only to choose the necessary colours, and to apply them at the proper places in the proper manner.”

“A thousand thanks!” the lady cried in ecstasy. “I will go and buy some immediately.”

MOST frequenters of the Parisian boulevards knew the old woman who, at the corner of the Marché de la Madeleine, just by the omnibus-station, sold ferns, grasses, and green plants. Some time ago she disappeared, and now she is dead. Many years ago she was a celebrity, and—nobody would have guessed it—considered one of the loveliest women in Paris. In 1847—how the time flies!—she threw over a prince of the House of Bourbon to share the fortunes of a painter since become world-famous. In June, 1848, she was wounded in front of the Panthéon, where the Reds made their last stand against the troops of the Assembly. Poets sang her beauty, and painters pictured her then faultless face on canvas. But the poor girl fell ill, and the ravages of disease played havoc with her loveliness.

Her friends deserted her, and she was forgotten by all except one woman, herself one of the fallen in the battle of life, who helped her to a mere existence. Thus she vegetated. I recognised her one day by a fugitive gleam that momentarily lit up in the once marvellous deep-blue eyes.

Here is a subject for a play.



“TIGHT-FISTED JOE,” of the Theatre Royal, Leeds, as Mr. Joseph Hobson is often called, is the *fons et origo* of many anecdotes, more or less authentic, of which I will quote two or three. On one occasion the manager of a travelling operatic company insisted upon being supplied with an augmented orchestra. The players of several instruments seemed to Mr. Hobson not to earn their salaries, especially as the company was playing to small, if select, audiences. The trombone-player was one whose engagement Joe considered a wanton extravagance. Joe’s eagle glance had followed the man’s movements, and he had assured himself that, time after time, the man put down his instrument and looked at the performance. Thus, while a love duet was going on, he did not play at all. Hobson seated himself in the front row of

the pit-stalls, directly behind the offender, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I am Mr. Hobson, the proprietor of this theatre," he said. "Who are you?"

"I am your trombone, Mr. Hobson," the man replied smilingly.

"And what do I pay you for?" was the further savage enquiry.

The musician looked up in astonishment.

"Why, to play the trombone of course!" he answered.

"And if you please, sir, why aren't you playing now?" continued the cross-examiner.

"I have sixty bars rest, Mr. Hobson," was the excuse that was pleaded.

"Rest!" hissed Joe between his teeth. "Rest! I don't pay you to rest, sir. Play, sir, immediately—play!"



ABOUT that time the Theatre Royal, Leeds, was infested by a plague of rats: and Joe Hobson, having called in a famous rat-catcher of the town, chuckled over having made a most profitable agreement. The man contracted to clear the theatre of the destructive rodents for the sum of five shillings.

As a matter of fact, when Hobson entered the theatre next morning, he found the man seated in the pit with a great writhing, seething sack full of the live little beasts. He eyed the slender prison-house of his quondam enemies with a grim smile and paid the five shillings.

"But tell me," he added, having parted with his money, "why don't you kill the beasts? Why do you take them away alive?"

"I sell 'em to t' dog-fighters, I do.

There's nigh on a hundred on 'em, and they brings me tuppence a-piece," the man replied.

Hobson scratched his grey poll. He had evidently been cheated!

"Ah!" he said, "that ain't fair. I can't let you take 'em away without giving me a share."

"That be hanged for a tale!" the man retorted; "t' rats is mine!"

"Oh, no," Joe insisted; "they are my rats; they were caught on my premises, and I want my share of the price."

Argument and wrangling were both unavailing; the two were equally stubborn.

"I'm tired o' this," the rat-catcher exclaimed at last; "tek your rubbishing rats!" and with this he turned over his bag and emptied the lot into the pit.

The Theatre Royal, Leeds, was never cleared of them until it was burnt down.

DURING an early period of Mr. Joseph Hobson's theatrical proprietorship, an old-fashioned and conscientious actor played Hamlet, and came on the stage with one stocking down. Hobson thought this very untidy, and called his stage-manager.

"Here, Charlie," he said, "that man's got his stocking down! How do you come to allow that?"

"It's in the play, sir," the stage-manager replied.

"In the play!" sneered Hobson. "Who wrote the play?"

"Will Shakespeare wrote it," was the puzzled answer.

"Will Shakespeare!" Joe exclaimed in his ire. "Such a slovenly play as that! You tell him that he'll write no more plays for my theatre—that's all!"

NAME of an English tailor in the
Rue Lafayette: "Grzebieniarz!"
Good old Anglo-Saxon name, isn't it?

ANOTHER inviting show-card, this
time in the Faubourg St. Honoré:

"Specialité of this establishment —
Porter—as drunk as in England!"

And yet, I am sorry to say, the place,
when I looked in, was quite empty.
Drunken porters are evidently no attraction in a Paris café!

ONE day, at Front Royal, in the Shenandoah Valley, whilst going my rounds, as officer of the guard, I came across one of my troopers sitting on the ground, with his back against a barn-door, crying bitterly.

“What’s the matter, Mike?” I asked.

“Faix, sorr,” he sobbed, “I’m dhrunk, sorr!” and he wept as if his heart would break.

“Well,” I replied, “two days’ camp fatigue; that’ll sober you.”

“Begorrah,” whined Mike, “an’ it’s the gittin’ sawber I’m a croyin’ about!”

THE announcement of the production of Herman Merivale's new play at the Lyceum reminds me of a joke about him, unwittingly perpetrated by the Lucerne *Fremdenblatt* about two years ago.

The clever author and his charming wife were travelling in Switzerland, and the *Fremdenblatt*, as usual, printed their names amongst the list of arrivals. The *Fremdenblatt* made one of its periodical hashes, and gravely styled Mr. Herman Merivale "Mr. Human Marvel."

CUPID is a mischievous little monkey, and Toko is a lovely, fat pug. Cupid plagues Toko, eats his sugar, drinks his milk, and then jumps on the side-board or runs up the curtains where Toko cannot follow his tormentor.

The other morning Toko was condemned by his medical attendant to take a pill. It was a sugar-coated pill, a perfect wonder of deceit; but Toko had been had in that way before. He pretended to be agreeable, and to swallow the bit of meat which contained the nauseous medicament. I am sorry to have to cast the aspersion upon Toko's otherwise so lovable character, but his action was as deceitful as the coating of that pill. He ate the meat and dropped the obnoxious drug into the saucer containing his breakfast. Cupid, imagining probably that poor Toko wished to reserve it for a future

occasion as something particularly appetising, rushed upon the tiny ball and "wolfed" it. Cupid is not much larger than my hand, and the medicine was, of course, much too powerful for him.

During the rest of that morning Toko watched the progress of his revenge upon Cupid, and was as happy as a fat little pug could be.



ACTING Juliet in semi-tropical localities has its inconveniences, as Miss Neilson discovered when she played the part of the unfortunate daughter of the house of Capulet, at New Orleans.

In the version acted by Miss Neilson, Romeo burst open the tomb and killed himself before Juliet revived, the result being that the young lady had to lie for some time, stark and stiff, in full view of the audience.

One night, in the Pelican city, she was thus stretched beneath the white satin coverlet, and Romeo was raving at the side of the stage, when "beeeng—beeeng—beeeng," a mosquito whizzed round her face. The actress blew at it sideways and attempted to drive it away. "Beeeng—beeeng," the little beast came on again, and tried to settle on Miss Neilson's nose. Miss Neilson twitched the attacked organ,

and the intruder started off, but returned eager for the fray, and placed itself this time on Miss Neilson's cheek, luckily on the side not seen by the audience. Miss Neilson slowly drew up the hand which was hidden from the auditorium, and managed, by a despairing effort, momentarily to rid herself of the bloodthirsty little fiend. A second afterwards it returned, however, and this time planted itself firmly on Miss Neilson's nose. Now an actress's nose is a most delicate and valuable property, and when it is disfigured by the swelling resulting from a mosquito's sting it would spoil an otherwise most pretty face. There was no help for it, and the dead Juliet, to the amazement of the audience, hit herself a tremendous smack !

The effect was startling, but at the same time beneficial, for that mosquito died the inglorious death it well deserved.

A DOG story. A wine-shop keeper on the Boulevard de Grenelle has an old blind female bulldog, a quiet, inoffensive creature, that can barely toddle to a place by the kerb, where she always lies in the sunshine when the clerk of the weather permits it.

A cowardly cub of a butcher's boy, who drives past the spot every morning, took a delight daily to hit the poor animal a great whack with his whip, and shout insults at the wife of the *marchand de vin* when she remonstrated.

Now it is unknown what arrangement was come to by canine conspirators, but it so happened that one morning the poor blind old dog was lying comfortably by her shop-door, and another bulldog—similar in size and colour, but neither old nor blind—was reposing in the sunshine by the kerb. By comes Mr. Butcher-boy; the whip cracks as

usual, and hits the dog across the ribs.

But what followed was not usual. For that boy will have to go about the world with a lump out of his thigh as big as half a fist for the rest of his natural life! And don't you think it served him right?

The dog who avenged the old creature's wrongs was one of her numerous progeny of sons.



POOR old Ludwig, who died at the roulette-table at Monte Carlo, in true gambler's harness, having just staked a louis on a number—which, by the way, won,—was one of the very few men who made honest gambling profitable. For years and years he was a daily visitor at the gaming table; and it was his boast that he only failed by the result of two days to win the prize of one hundred thousand francs offered by the late M. Blanc to the man who could prove that, having played every day for one year at Monte Carlo, he had won a five-franc-piece on each and every day during that time.

Ludwig, a student at Königsberg, came, as senior of his corps, to a Burschenschaft gathering at Heidelberg. From Heidelberg to Frankfort, and from Frankfort to Homburg were but short journeys; and the young man, having entered the Casino with

one or two florins, and having left it with his pockets full of ducats, took a fancy to the thing, and thenceforward followed gambling for a livelihood. He had no system, but simply acted upon his inspirations; and these, in his earlier gaming days, were much more eccentric than towards the end of his career.

The biggest *coup* in which he ever had an interest occurred shortly after the meeting of the German National Assembly at Frankfort in May, 1848.

I was then with a party of Heidelberg students out for a holiday. The place was crammed full with officers who made the cafés uninhabitable, and positively objected to such innocent student-sport as our throwing beer, jugs and all, accompanied by sauerkraut and sausages, with their respective plates, at one another, across their heads.

Ludwig was our philosopher and guide, and under his ægis we shook the dust of inhospitable Frankfort off our feet and went to Homburg.

One member of our party was the fortunate possessor of eleven ducats. Five of these were retained for general expenses, and the rest were sequestered and confided to Herr Ludwig for investment at the tables. The gambling veteran had the fixed idea that day that the number 35 would turn up, and on the number 35 the six ducats were staked, whilst our hearts went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, with regular rataplans. 35 did turn up, and our eyes glistened when we saw the pile of gold and notes that was shovelled towards the lucky number.

“Let us go now,” was the young men’s cry, “and spend the stuff!”

“No,” Ludwig calmly answered; “it will turn up again.”

The young man, whose original property the six ducats had been, protested. But Ludwig was firm. Protest was useless, and the whole lot remained on the green baize. You should have heard the yells that echoed through the room when number 35 turned up a second time, and when

the pile of notes and gold became a small mountain.

“Now we will go,” said Ludwig; “we have won enough.”

“Thank you,” said the owner of the primary six ducats; “I think we won’t! You’ve had two flings; now I’ll have two or three.”

They all vowed that he was mad, and tried to grab portions of the money; but if Ludwig was firm, that young fellow was pig-headed, and he calmly proceeded to place every cent of the money on, and all around, number 35. There were two roulette tables in Homburg in those days, and all the players left the table at the other end of the room, to have a look at the young idiot who was risking maximums all over the place on the third turning up of a number. Number 35 turned up for a third time. The students had grown silent, and stood by with white faces and tremulous hands, as their comrade, having placed a dozen or so of the notes in his pocket, again staked all the

remainder of his winnings on the turn of the wheel. You might have heard a fly walk on the window-panes. Never before, and never afterwards, have I heard such a death-like silence in a gambling hell.

“Rien ne va plus. Trente cinq”—quickly followed by the *chef de partie*’s quiet announcement, “Messieurs et mesdames, la banque saute !”

They had to go to the next table to fetch sufficient money to pay that lucky young fellow’s winnings; and every member of that party had his pockets crammed full of notes and gold.

They did not go back to Frankfort by rail. They hired every break, carriage, and conveyance in the place; they engaged a band of musicians who were playing in the Casino gardens; and every soul, man or woman, who was willing to follow them, was welcome. With the brass band at their head they drove into Frankfort, being, only after some considerable parleying, allowed to pass by

the sentries. That night the town was painted red. The little crowd was soon joined by every student from every German University who happened to be staying in Frankfort. The couple of dozen or so of old-fashioned watchmen were powerless; and, at last, two companies of white-coated Austrians turned out, and conveyed Ludwig, the lucky young man, his friends, band and all, to the lock-up, which was found much too small to hold them, with the result that they had to be guarded in the barrack court-yard all night.

The affair passed over as students' freaks in those days usually did.



ONE day Ludwig won some thirty thousand florins with an original stake of a ducat, and that without sticking to any one number, square, or row on the roulette table, but flying all over the place and winning *coup* after *coup*.

I asked him how he did it, and was then, for the first time, initiated into the secret of playing the "neighbours."

"A croupier's arm is, after all, but a machine," he told me; "and long habit and fatigue make of a croupier's arm a more mechanical machine even than one would surmise. I sit down at a table, and I watch a croupier's style of throwing. Every croupier has his peculiarity in this. Some are quite erratic, and these I leave rigorously alone. Others habitually throw sequences; others invariably throw the 'neighbours,' especially when they have been at the board for some time. I

never play before one of these men has become worn out and machine-like; then I know exactly what to do, and once in every three times, at least, I am absolutely right. Calculate it out for yourself. They pay me thirty-five times my stake if I hit the right number. I have to place two ducats for the two neighbouring numbers of the one that has just come out; so if I lose twice and win once, I still win thirty-one times my stake. Of course, to be able to do this, one must not go at the table like a bull at the gate. It takes patience and a quick eye, and a good temper under failure."

This was my first lesson in scientific roulette gambling, and I have never forgotten it.

One day in that same year, 1848, while the whole country was disturbed, and Frankfort, in addition to its usual garrison of Austrians, Bavarians, and Prussians, was occupied by a portion of the Prussian troops belonging to the corps commanded by the then Prince of Prussia, the late

Emperor William, Ludwig was trying to travel from Frankfort to Homburg, and the train was chock full of German officers.

A civilian had about as much chance of finding a seat as of getting into heaven by balloon. Ludwig was wandering disconsolately along the carriages, and I was then resplendent in all the golden glory of lace and embroidery of a temporary military attaché. I saw him, and made him get into my carriage, where I accommodated him with a seat on my knee.

"I'll recompense you for this," he said to me. "I will tell you what to back."

"Go on," I said. "We are all listening."

"Ah! I must not tell these gentlemen," he said wistfully; "that would be unfair: and, besides that, I cannot tell you before we get to the tables."

He did tell me; he told me to put a ducat in full on 22. I had no confidence in him, and risked only a florin. The number came out all right; and I found a seat for Ludwig on the return journey.

JOSEPH MACKAY was one of the authors of the drama *Caryswold*, in which Miss Helen Barry played with considerable success in the provinces, the Colonies, and America.

During the production of the piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, Joe was sent for by Miss Barry—his expenses being paid—for the special purpose of getting the play noticed in the London Press. He was at that time the "Captious Critic" of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and on the following Friday there appeared in that journal, signed by the "Captious Critic," a most virulently sarcastic attack upon the play. On Joe being remonstrated with, he replied savagely:

"What do you mean? If I can't chaff my own play, which, the devil, can I?"

FEW people are aware that the most popular of English comedy authors, A. W. Pinero, came to London simply through a fluke. Pinero was a stock actor at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, receiving from the late Mr. Edward Saker a salary of some thirty to forty shillings a week, when Wilkie Collins's *Miss Gwilt* was produced, in which Pinero played a small character part. The author of the *Woman in White* had been struck by the clever performance of another actor; but somehow or other, in reading from the playbill, he mixed up the names, and asked Miss Cavendish's manager to engage Mr. Pinero for the London performance, thinking him

to be another man altogether. Pinero came to London, with the result which is known to all; and his luck at the start—of which, perhaps, he himself even is at this moment not aware—has followed him ever since.



NEW and special Parisian version of the ancient Cockney statement that a cabman, if he ran over and killed a man, would be heavily fined.

Anglo-Parisian and English visitor on the Place de l'Opéra. Cabmen driving furiously on the right side, on the left side, from the front, from behind. Englishman holds up his closed umbrella. Cabmen take no notice whatever. Englishman attempts to cross. A cab-shaft, coming from the right, sends him flying against the nose of a horse coming from the left. Both drivers shout, rave, and swear. Englishman manages to wriggle across.

Englishman to friend: "Why did these

fellows shout to me so? Surely, I had the law on my side?"

Anglo-Parisian: "Don't you believe it. If any of these men had run over you, you would have been had up and heavily fined for not having got out of the way!"



I WAS chatting with a friend, one of the proprietors of a big Paris daily, and he told me the story, related years ago in his paper, of a poor acrobat's dog who used to go through his tricks at the side of his master's grave at Père la Chaise after the latter's death.

My friend told me how all Paris had cried over that simple story of the gratitude of an humble four-footed friend of man.

Now there comes to me another from the Pas de Calais, which is far too pathetic to be lost. It happened during the winter before last, and a bitter winter it was, as most people will remember.

A barber living near the railway-station at Calais owned a rough-haired, white-and-grey sort of Yorkshire terrier. The poor dog was run over by a railway cart. One of his legs was crushed, but a kindly vet. so far cured him that he was able to

run about on three legs. Shortly afterwards the dog's master left Calais, and, whether the poor brute was forgotten intentionally or unintentionally, the man went away without him, after his goods had been sold by the order of his creditors. From that time forward nobody seemed to care to have anything to do with poor Caillou. A bad reputation clung to him. He was unlucky himself, and brought bad luck to others.

Winter came, and the dog starved about the streets, homeless and foodless. The refreshment contractors would not allow him to enter the buffets at either of the stations where, previously, many a kind English hand had thrown him scraps.

One evening the poor old dog was seen hobbling off, making his way out of Calais along the snowy road, and he must have met his companion in misfortune on the way, for the next time he was seen, he was in the company of a poor wandering acrobat, starving like

himself, a worn and wasted veteran of the tights and tinsel.

At Wimille, near Boulogne, they stopped, and the old man obtained unauthorised shelter for the night in a farmer's barn. In the morning, as the grey dawn crept in through the chinks he tried to get up, but could not; he was too ill and too weak.

I tell the story as the old man, with tears in his eyes, told it to my friend.

"I looked at the dog," he said, "and he looked at me. I turned out my pockets and shook my hat to show that I had nothing, and he came and rubbed his cold muzzle against my cheek. I took him in my arms and held him there. We warmed one another in that way, and might have remained like that for half-an-hour.

"Suddenly the dog struggled and escaped from me, and, wagging his little stumpy tail, ran out of the barn as fast as his three legs could carry him. I wondered what he might be up to, but was not long left wondering, for in less than two minutes

he returned with a piece of smoked sausage in his mouth. He hadn't touched a morsel of it himself. He laid it down at my feet, and wagged his tail. I won't say, sir, as I mightn't have eaten it had I been allowed; but before I could say 'Yea or nay,' the farmer appeared at the door with two men, and they dragged me to the police-station, as a thief and a vagabond. I tried to explain, but they said I had trained the dog to steal. Before I was tried, however, I fell ill, and it was some days before they could sentence me to the week's imprisonment which I did not deserve.

"From the prison I went to the hospital, and the poor dog followed me there. He had never left the prison gates all the while I was within. At the hospital, the kind sisters allowed him to remain with me; but he would not take a morsel of food. As I grew better, he grew worse. He was starving himself slowly to death. His eyes said as plainly as they could, 'I am useless in this world. I

bring bad luck to everybody. I meant to do my best for you, dear master, and see what has come of it.' I could not coax him to take a scrap, and he died quietly, with his head in my lap.

“Monsieur,” said the old man to my friend, “he was only a dog. I would like to be as good as he.”



CHARLES MATHEWS, one day, previous to the period of his publicly-proclaimed dire bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The walnuts were washed down by some rare East India sherry.

"That's a delicious wine!" his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money."

"It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flightly comedian answered with a shrug.

"You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested.

"Oh no," answered Mathews; "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond Street."

"But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment.

"I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."

ONE afternoon in September, 1873, Richard Shepherd, who was managing the Philharmonic Theatre, where Byron's version of *La Fille de Madame Angot* was running in the first flush of its glory, having lunched copiously in the City, drove to Wych Street to keep an appointment with H. J. Montague at the Globe Theatre. Dick fell asleep in the cab, and had to be roused by the cabman when he arrived at his destination. The stage doors of the Globe and the Opéra Comique adjoin, and at that moment Soldene was rehearsing Farnie's version of *La Fille de Madame Angot* at Hingston's little theatre. Dick went to the wrong door, and being well known to the guarding Cerberus, was permitted to descend without a challenge. He drowsily reached the dimly-lit stage, and could not make it out at all how it came that he heard the music of *Madame*

Angot. The thought entered his muddled brain that somehow or other he was in his own theatre, and the impression was confirmed when his eye fell upon a young chorister whom he had discharged the previous day for breach of discipline and impertinent conduct.

“What are you doing here, sir?” cried Dick. “I sacked you yesterday. Get out of my theatre this instant!”

Farnie, who was superintending the rehearsal, turned round to him with Scotch placidity:

“You don’t boss this show, Mr. Shepherd,” he said; “not yet.”

“And how the devil do you come here?” asked Shepherd, more nonplussed than ever, when suddenly it dawned upon him that he was in the wrong box. “Good gracious!” he cried; “to think that there is more than one *Madame Angot*!”

He had to learn after that, that there were about a dozen of them travelling about England.

JOSEPH ELDRED was playing at the Theatre Royal, Lincoln, during one of the race weeks, and one morning he walked past the course to Piewipe, where he found Mr. Wyke Moore, a member of his company, fishing. Moore, a big, heavy man, was sitting there disconsolately, with his legs hanging over the banks of the canal. He had not had so much as a bite. Although early spring, it was very warm.

“Go and have a drink,” said Joe; “I’ll look after your float.”

When Moore returned, he found Joe sitting among the rushes and reeds at the lower edge of the canal bank; the rod was resting on the ground above, and the float was swimming on the tranquil stream. A second afterwards it went underneath the water like an arrow. Moore turned the winch with all his might, and pulled out a big bream. The fish gave no sign

of a struggle, and Wyke looked at it with open mouth.

"A fine bream," said Joe. "You are lucky!"

"Yes, I would be," replied Moore mournfully, "if I hadn't bought it an hour ago myself from a man who caught it last night."

"Well, what of that?" replied Joe. "If you say now that you caught it yourself, you won't be telling a lie."

Moore, with a discerning remembrance of various proudly-exhibited baskets of supposedly hand-caught fish, nodded a sad and silent assent.



THAT the Browning Society has its uses, Robert Browning himself once acknowledged. It arose in this wise. At one of the meetings of the Society, the suckling commentators and all-wise annotators were flinging their meek and mild sarcasm at one another for want of agreement between them regarding the meaning of a mysterious passage in that most mysterious poem, "Childe Roland to the dark tower came."

Mr. F. J. Furnivall, the chairman, had to pour oil upon the troubled waters, and he allayed the storm in a tea-cup by stating that, being a friend of Mr. Browning's, he would call upon

the poet and ask him to explain what he meant.

The next meeting of the Society was thickly packed, and expectation was at fever-heat. The Chairman was happy to be able to announce that he had asked the question and had received an answer. "I could certainly explain the meaning of Childe Roland," Robert Browning had said; "but then what would be the use of the Browning Society?"



IT is a good many years ago now since, in the course of my professional journeys, I visited Edinburgh. I used to lodge there with a kindly, motherly Irishwoman named Mrs. Meagher. I reached the "Modern Athens" one bitter morning at six o'clock, after a terribly cold journey from Manchester. I had telegraphed to Mrs. Meagher to keep me a room, and I found it ready for me, with a bright fire glowing in the grate.

"I have some most important business at ten o'clock, Mrs. Meagher," I said; "be sure to call me at half-past nine."

She promised she would. At that time I was a very light sleeper, and I awoke shortly after half-past nine to a sense of what I had to do, and upon consulting my watch, I found that I had not been called. I dressed rapidly, and rang my bell.

"Mrs. Meagher," I complained, when

the old woman entered, "you have not called me as you promised! How is this?"

She looked terribly grieved at my remonstrance.

"Faix, sorr, an' I did call yez."

"How can you say so, Mrs. Meagher," I retorted, "when I did not hear you at all?"

"Shure, sorr," she insisted, "an' I did call yez, but ye were asleep, an' I didn't loike to wake yez, so I didn't call very loud."



THERE was a starter in the Prix Angers, one of the steeplechases at Auteuil, one Sunday, who was not under Jockey Club or any other rules of racing, who carried no jockey, who ran the race from first to last, and who, though he came in last, was cheered far more than the winner. His name is Jack, and he is a big French mongrel belonging to one of the trainers. He started with the horses, and took the water-jump in front of the Grand Stand like a thoroughbred. The up-and-down slope was no barrier to him, and he went over it at racing speed. When he came to the post rails and brook, he looked at them for a moment, and then sneaked across them instead of jumping. In the

meantime he had been noticed, and was greeted with enthusiastic yells. That woke him up, and he raced like the wind. He went across the *rivière en huit* like a bolt, and took the little wall in the same way. The finish of the race did him up completely, but he passed the post the last of all, and the favourite of the crowd.



MOST Parisians know that Boulevardier of Boulevardiers, Chopine, also sometimes called "Tap' à l'oeil." Only lately the *Gil Blas* devoted a column and a half of its valuable front page to his glorification. I may premise my remarks with the statement that Chopine is a graceless, idle vagabond, who would rather beg than work, and who has, in spite of his venerable age, an inveterate habit of following the ladies. Chopine is a fat, smooth-haired, white mongrel, with a black patch over one eye, very old, and grey at the muzzle. He owns no master, nor mistress either for that, although his habitation at night is the Grand Café, where he sleeps and snores.

Early of a morning, however, he is

abroad. His matutinal breakfast he gets at one of the *crémeries* in the Quartier St. Augustin. For his mid-day meal and his dinner he visits the Boulevard restaurants, the Bouillon Frascati, on the Boulevard Montmartre, and the Bouillon Parisien, opposite Old England, being his favourite haunts. All the waiters and most of the *habitués* know him, and he is the only person privileged to beg in these establishments.

A friend of mine, well known in the English theatrical world, but now settled in Paris, taught the old dog the trick of begging and walking on his hind legs. One day last summer my friend was sitting in a restaurant, having finished his meal, and sipped his coffee, when Chopine strolled in. My friend showed him that there wasn't even a morsel of sugar left, and Chopine wagged his tail

and walked round the place on his hind legs; then wagging his tail again, went out solemnly, as if to say, "Thank you, sir, all the same. You taught me a trick that's been worth a lot to me, and I'll give you a show for nothing this time."

Chopine's great fields of harvest, however, are the Parisian suburban race-courses. All the bookmakers know him, and many are the biscuits which are thrown to him at the buffets.

Chopine is getting very old, and the Grand Café must needs ere long lose one of its most regular *habitués*.



THERE were some half-a-dozen of us living over a tea-shop in the Strand, Harry Leigh, Captain Harris, and kindred spirits; and there was one member of our little clique, since dead—peace be to his ashes,—whom I will call Jones.

Jones was a very decent fellow indeed, but with one failing—the demon drink! Drink he would have, at any time and at any cost, especially to others. He would come home an hour or two before our return from the theatre or the club, and ransack our cupboards and empty them of everything drinkable. Brandy, whisky, rum, gin, beer, wine, all found their way down his gullet with a monotonous certainty. We would generally discover him snoring in one of our arm-chairs, and have to carry him, kicking and struggling, to his own room.

A month or two of this kind of experience became tiresome, and we resolved to give Jones a lesson.

We obtained from a chemist in Bedford Street a big red "Poison" label, and marked it "Arsenical Wine. Dose, fifteen drops." On our return home that evening, we found Jones seated in my fauteuil with an empty whisky-bottle between his knees, glaring about him helplessly. I took the bottle away from him and quietly clapped my poison-label on it.

"Great heavens!" I cried, with a show of frightened amazement. "What have you been doing, Jones? What have you been drinking?"

And I held the bottle aloft with every sign of grief and terror.

Jones grinned with a grotesque satisfaction, and hiccupped:

"Whishky! devilish good whishky!"

"Whisky, you madman!" I cried. "You've been drinking poison! You've been drinking arsenic! Look at this!" and I pointed to the label.

Jones steadied himself, squared his shoulders, and sat bolt upright.

"What do you shay?" he asked, in a nonplussed manner.

"I say that you're a dead man!" I answered. "You've drunk this bottleful, and the dose is fifteen drops!"

Jones turned ashen.

"Poishon," he whispered hoarsely. "Arshenic! Oh, I feel sho ill!"

"Of course you're ill," I retorted. "There's only one consolation—you'll not suffer long, you'll be dead before the morning!"

At this Jones—getting sober on a sudden—looked from one to the other, while we sympathetically shrugged our shoulders, and he began to whimper and to whine:

"Oh, I don't want to die! Is there nothing to be done?"

Whereupon I assumed the air of quiet and experienced determination in a case of grave emergency.

"Harry!" I said, "run and fetch a stomach-pump."

Then to Jones:

"I'll do what I can to save you, but I can't promise, unless you obey implicitly."

"There is a chance then?" he muttered,

with his eyes nearly starting from their sockets. "I'll do anything, but I don't want to die!"

When that man had swallowed a glass of soap and water, another one of rough cod-liver oil, a smaller one of lamp oil, and a still smaller one of castor oil, when he had eaten the end of a tallow candle and two bits of soap, we gave him a strong glass of whisky out of the bottle with the poison-label.

"Good gracious!" he cried. "What *are* you doing? You're again giving me poison!"

"No, you fool," I replied, "it's whisky."

It may seem strange and ungrateful, but that man bore all of us a grudge for many a day after that.



AN excellent story is told about John Sleeper Clarke, most popular, cleverest, most comical, and most irascible of low comedians.

He was rehearsing *Major Wellington de Boots* at the Charing Cross Theatre, having brought his own company, and managing his own stage. The stage-manager of the theatre, having his hands full of other work, did not attend these rehearsals, and left Clarke to the business and the glory of lording over all around. Things went on very smoothly until one day, entering the stalls to see if everything was all right, the local official found the company on the stage gazing at one another in finely-acted grief and indignation, interrupted now and then by suppressed gigglings, and accompanied by occasional pressings of handkerchiefs to the mouth. In the centre of the stage stood Clarke with glaring eyes and firm-set teeth, with clenched fists

and heaving bosom. At a little distance, nervously tremulous, and evidently prepared to dodge any missile that might pass his way, was the property-man, casting anxious glances at the great star, who, with ferociously extended forefinger, indicated "Tommy," the theatre cat, that sat, with its back to the auditorium, purring softly, and cleaning its face with its paw.

Now, Tommy was a young gentleman cat of the most amiable, sociable, and frisky kind. He would not only come to anybody who called him civilly and politely, but he would play with anybody he could get to play with him. One of Tommy's most cherished sports was, to get people to run after him and try to catch him. He would run away just far enough not to be caught, and dodge away again the moment his intending captor came within reach. The only way to capture Tommy was to stand stock-still and to call him kindly; then he would come like a lamb.

Poor Tommy had aroused Clarke's ire!

The moment he espied the stage-manager, the comedian called to the latter furiously:

“Will you tell me, sir, if that cat comes on the stage at night?”

The stage-manager did not relish being addressed in that tone of voice, and replied quietly:

“I’m not in Tommy’s confidence, Mr. Clarke; you had better ask him.”

With that he turned upon his heel and walked away.

“Does that cat come on the stage of a night?” roared Clarke—this time to the property-man.

Now, the property-man was perfectly aware of the fact that Tommy never left his room during the performance, but he tried his best to hide a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, and stammered:

“I—I—I don’t know, Mr. Clarke.”

With a savage look round, and gnashing his teeth, the comedian made a dive for Tommy, who, fully prepared for larks of this kind, jumped on to the prompt-table, and sat there grinning, if ever a cat could grin.

“Catch that cat!” shouted Clarke, throwing his hat at Tommy. The brittle headgear nearly hit the cat, but caught the corner of the stage-box, ricochetted thence in a much-damaged condition, and went spinning amongst the stalls.

“Will anybody catch that cat?” roared Clarke, hoarsely; and the property-man started off in gentle chase, clapping his hands.

Now, nothing could have been more agreeable to Tommy; he gave one look round and bounded upon the dress-circle hand-rail, the property-man climbing after him. There Tommy started off at an easy trot, and seated himself in the middle of the dress-circle, smiling at Clarke; the property-man rushing at him through gangways, over chairs, upsetting as many things as he could on the road, and making an infernal din. When he had got within a yard or so, Tommy leaped gracefully into the stalls, the property-man still in pursuit. Here the property-man was joined by Clarke himself, and the chase continued into the orchestra, under the stage, along the

passages, into the gas-room, then up to the stage again and across it, and up a flight of stairs into another dressing-room, where Tommy, getting a little tired of the thing, jumped out of the window on to the stage, and came like the gentlest of kittens to a young lady who called him.

It was a good thing for Tommy that he was no longer on the stage when Clarke descended, white as a sheet and trembling like an aspen-leaf.

As a sequel to this story, Tommy, who had never come on the stage on any previous occasion during the performance, paid a visit to Miss Eleanor Bufton, who was playing Mrs. Featherstone, and she had him on her lap or under her arm during the whole of one scene with Major Wellington de Boots. What might have happened to Tommy had he not been guarded by so fair a lady, nobody may know!

A COMPANY of travelling tragedians were acting in a wooden theatre at Burnley, in Lancashire. The Hamlet of the company, a big, ponderous, bass-voiced man, who had all the appearance of solidity and family virtuousness, was, as a matter of fact, a gay and graceless Lothario, and it was known that his wife—a tall, lean, wiry, bony woman—used to beat him unmercifully for his treachery.

One evening, after an escapade of particular wickedness, he was playing Hamlet. He was reciting, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew," when a strident voice came from the pit:

"Doan't thee wish for thaat, John. Thee'll find it warm when th'ode woman gets hold o'thee. She's a waitin' for thee wi' th' fire-shovel an' th' coal-hammer!"

Hamlet did not finish his soliloquy with anything like his usual intensity.

A CHARMING phrase of Emile Augier's, uttered only a few months before his death:

"How beautiful is old age!" the poet is reported to have said. "You are surrounded by care, by deference, by love, by respect. But what a pity that its period is so short!"

JOHN MACLEAN and Harry Leigh had a tiff one day.

Harry was in one of his spiteful moods, and called Maclean "a bagpipe without any wind in it."

"Maybe," replied John, drily. "You're the puff of wind without the bagpipe."

THERE are two elderly ladies living in a small house at Passy who own a little dog, a thirteen or fourteen pound white fox-terrier. The ladies are of theatrical inclinations; they belong to a theatrical family, and have called their dog "Hamlet," though why a white fox-terrier with a brown patch over the eye should be named after him of the inky cloak I cannot guess. The ladies also own a raven, and the bird and the doggie are excellent friends. The raven is an "amoosin' cuss," that hops and flies about the house at his own sweet will. He plays with the dog, and the dog plays with him. He sits for hours on Hamlet's back, and the two enjoy such sunshine as they can find together.

The raven is on excellent terms with everybody about the place except a huge Persian tom-cat, another property of the ladies, with whom he is engaged in continual warfare. Until lately, however, he has been

well able to take care of himself, and Tommy, in such combats as occurred, has not been a victor.

One afternoon both dog and raven disappeared. The evening came, and they were still not to be seen. The night passed, and all searches after Hamlet and the raven proved unsuccessful. In the course of the next day, one of the ladies bethought herself of looking into a half-empty store-closet on the top floor, and there she found master Tommy glaring at, and evidently ready to pounce upon, the raven, who was lying helplessly on the floor; while between the two lay Hamlet, guarding his friend, who had injured himself by some incautious jump or flight. He had been on guard like that for more than four-and-twenty hours without food or drink. Hamlet, who is one of the best-tempered dogs in the world, had no hatred nor enmity for Tommy, but he would not let him touch his dear black friend for all that.

And yet there are people who say that fox-terriers are spiteful, ill-tempered beasts.

WHEN Wilkie Collins's *Miss Gwilt* was rehearsed for the first time on any stage, at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, it contained a part omitted at its production—namely, that of the old gardener, Abraham Sage. The rôle was allotted to a young man who was then the second comedian of the theatre, and who has since made a name for himself both in England and the Colonies. The aspirant for stage honours was dissatisfied with his part—a very short one—and at one of the final rehearsals he interlarded his principal speech with a copious admixture of the word “sir.” When he had got through, Wilkie Collins looked at him over his spectacles and said sternly :

“Young man, I have written the word ‘sir’ four times. You have used it thirteen times. Please understand that I want my words spoken as I wrote them.”

"I am very sorry, Mr. Collins," replied the young comedian; "but, you see, the part's such a poor one, and I wanted to give it character."

"Thank you," Wilkie Collins replied quietly; "I will look into this."

When the rehearsal of the act was finished, Wilkie Collins turned to Miss Cavendish's stage-manager, who had charge of the production, and asked him for a pencil.

"I think, Mr. ———," he said, "if we put our heads together, we may do without Abraham Sage," and in the result every line of the gardener's part was struck out of the piece.

When the Alexandra Theatre Company, including Edmund and Robert Lyons, A. W. Pinero, and others, were engaged for the London production, that young comedian regretted his inconsiderate speech, and three years elapsed before he found a London engagement. He has made up for it since.

SCENE: Examination in Chemistry.
Subject, "The Chemistry of Fermentation."

Examiner: "You do not at all seem to understand the subject, young man. You drink beer, I suppose?"

Student: "Oh, yes, sir!"

Examiner: "Have you never left a glass half emptied on the table?"

Student: "Never in my life, sir!"

WHEN Francis and Glover were managers of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, they now and then undertook the management of English stars on Scotch tours, and Francis, on such occasions, found the supporting company and superintended the arrangements. Once, at Inverness, Francis quarrelled with a sturdy Scot whom he had engaged to distribute some bills.

“You’ve been doing nothing all day,” he cried irately, “except standing with your hands in your pockets!”

“Gang awa, mon,” replied Sandy, stoically. “Ah could nae hae done it. Ah’ve bin wearin’ a kilt.”

And it is on record that this explanation did not satisfy Francis.

THERE was an ambitious struggling comedian whom Charles Kean had engaged at the Princess's Theatre. He boasted that he knew every character, in his line, of Shakespeare by heart. Somehow or other, his attempted eagle-flights were always cut short. It was his misfortune, and it remained his misfortune, that he was never allowed to appear on the stage except by bits at a time.

His head had acted its part in the cauldron scene in *Macbeth*. His right arm and his most expressive and vivacious fingers had amused the audience when they were dashed through an aperture in a flat in the comic scene of a pantomime. His legs had been eulogised for their tragic deadness when he was carried across the stage as the representative of the defunct Coriolanus.

The nearest approach ever obtained to a full intrusion upon the sacred boards was when, by the gracious permission of the stage-manager, he was allowed, during the course of a farce, to push his head, shoulders, and the upper part of his body through a window which was supposed to be broken, and to receive a spanking smack in the face at the hands of the low comedian.

After six or seven years of unwearied but unsuccessful efforts to earn fame and fortune on the boards, he gave up the unequal struggle and took to reporting. He soon found out that it was easier to criticise actors than to become an actor himself. Before two more years elapsed the actor-manager, who had refused him the privilege of an "entire" appearance on his stage, was glad to recognise the despised former member of his company as a most important factor in matters theatrical.

JOHN MACLEAN once told me an excellent story about another John, whom, as he is still alive, and worthily distinguished, I will designate by the unfathomable initials of J. X. J. X. was manager of several provincial theatres, and being an actor—a big actor and a great actor—he played in them all. His line of parts lay between Othello and Macbeth, between Hamlet and the “crooked-back tyrant.” Now and then he stooped to the unclassic rôles of Alfred Evelyne and Claude Melnotte. The modern drama knew him but little, and then only in parts especially written for him, or by him. One evening, however, on the occasion of a benefit performance in the cathedral city of—, J. X. announced that he would play Bob Brierley. The property-man had been ordered, as usual, to produce all the real properties, and no substitutes, at the last moment.

"I've got everything, Mr. X.," said the man, tremblingly, as his manager went over the list with him,—“everything but the pedestal.”

“Pedestal!” roared J. X. “Pedestal, sir? What do you mean by ‘pedestal’? Who asked you for a pedestal? There is no pedestal in the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*!”

“I took it from the bill, sir,” the property-man retorted, half-tearfully.

“Bill!” cried J. X., “Bill! Are you drunk, sir?”

“No, Mr. X.,” the man rejoined, retreating a step or two, as if in bodily fear. “But perhaps the man was who drew up that bill,” and he handed the lengthy sheet to the great star. “It’s printed here,” he continued, pointing with his finger to the place: “‘On this occasion Mr. J. X. will descend from his pedestal and appear as Bob Brierley.’”

A GREAT fuss has been made over the production in America of the famous march, the "Père la Victoire," but not a word has been said about the composer of the popular air. M. Louis Ganne wrote the music originally for his ballet of *Volapuk*, which was produced at a café concert. Critics and public passed it without notice, until Paulus heard it one night, and asked the composer's permission to have words written to the air. It has earned a heap of money for the publishers and the comic singer, but I doubt if it has brought much grist to the mill of poor Ganne. Up to a very short while ago he was slaving daily from five in the afternoon till midnight in his seat as *chef d'orchestre* of a small concert hall at the top of the Rue Fontaine—the Café des Décadents, noted principally for the more than Rabelaisian paintings which cover the walls, and the rough-and-tumble Bohemian society which frequent it.

A PARISIAN paper stated naïvely that an American restaurant-keeper had invented a system of selling his meals by weight. The diner is weighed both before and after the repast, and pays for the difference. My guileless Parisian journalist has evidently never been to New York or Chicago, much less to San Francisco or New Orleans, else it would have dawned upon his simple mind that the statement is a "goak." The average Hiberno-American wouldn't at all put a paving-stone or a brickbat into his pocket before being weighed, and accidentally drop it under the table during the meal; he wouldn't, not he!

SOME years ago, an eccentric and wealthy manager leased various London theatres at fitful intervals. His name was W. H. C. Nation, and he was the owner of handsome landed estates near Paignton in Devonshire. He had a hobby for writing the words of songs, which he introduced into the works of other authors, Gilbert à Beckett being the chief victim. The story goes that, one evening, when one of these pieces was being played at the Holborn Theatre to an audience of a dozen or so, Thomas Friend, the acting-manager, was standing at the door of the theatre, smoking his usual big cigar. A quiet-looking and quietly-dressed elderly lady walked up to him and asked :

“Are you Mr. Friend, sir ? ”

She received a polite affirmative reply.

“I am Mrs. Nation,” she continued, “Mr. W. H. C. Nation’s mother, and I am anxious that my son should not be led into extravagances over his theatrical

amusements. Now, Mr. Friend, will you kindly tell me frankly,—if nobody at all were ever to pay for coming into the theatre where my son is manager, how much a night could my son lose?"

Friend looked at the old lady with a humorous light dancing in his eyes, and, after hemming and hawing for a moment or two, delivered himself as follows:

"Our expenses, madam, are just about sixty pounds a night, and, if nobody at all were to pay, sixty pounds a night is what your son would lose."

"Thank you, Mr. Friend," the old lady exclaimed; "I feel so relieved! My son can afford that."

As a matter of fact, he did afford it for some considerable time, and seemed none the worse for it. Most other people would have thought the amusement expensive.



I CAME across a letter from Harry Leigh one day, in a place where one would not have looked for it; namely, a bric-à-brac shop, just off the Rue des Martyrs, in Paris. The author of the "Carols of Cockayne" wrote that epistle to some friend, whom he addressed with the endearing epithet of "Mon cher voyou," and asked him about two songs for interpolation in the *Bridge of Sighs*, then running at the St. James's Theatre.

London at that time was a very nursery of opera bouffe, and Harry Leigh was its prince of adaptors. His version of *Le Roi Carrotte* was going well at the Alhambra; the *Bridge of Sighs*, after starting vigorously at the St. James's, was leading a chequered existence; operas translated by him were being played in nearly every provincial theatre. His income was not inconsiderable, and yet he was seldom possessed of much money. One

night I discovered how he spent some of it.

We had just come from the Opera Comique, where Farnie's version of *L'Oeil Crevé* had been produced, intending to go to the St. James's, where Richard Mansell generally kept open house at that time of the night, when Leigh asked us to walk with him round by the Alhambra, as he expected to find some communication waiting for him at the stage-door. The dingy entrance in dingy Castle Street was thronged by supers, extra ladies, dressers, and scene-shifters, about to return home. It was a bleak and windy late autumn night, and in one of the darkest corners of the gloomy passage shivered a pale and thinly-clad creature, nearly a child, whose blue lips looked green in the sparse lamp-light, and on whose white face Death was about to write his mark. Leigh pulled half-a-sovereign from his pocket and gave it her. Those who have heard only his half-cynical witticisms, and his often more than biting epigrams, can have no idea of the softness with which he said:

“Don't come here next week, my dear.

You are too ill. I will send you the money to Belvedere Road."

She had been a poor and friendless extra girl, never pretty enough to attract attention, and she had fallen ill over her nightly task, and been sent away to starve and die. The world's Jugger-naut goes over thousands like these. Leigh noticed her one night when she came to beg, to pray, to be taken on again, and he had furnished her with the means of existence ever since. We clubbed together after that, and many a joint tramp we took to Belvedere Road.

That poor girl did not die. She is a bright, pathetic, and well-known little actress, and people would be amazed if I were here to print her name.



IT is now very many years ago. I don't care to remember how many. I was quite a lad still, and travelling for my holidays in Algeria. A pal of mine, who had just left the military school and had blossomed out into full glory of the silver buttons and lace of a lieutenant in the Spahis, one fine summer night, at Constantine, took me through some long, narrow streets to a big building that loomed dark against the moonlit sky, and he told me that I was going to see a "devil of a show." Before I left I saw the show, and I came to believe that I had seen forty devils.

It was a great square interior, with naked, reddish-grey walls and stunted columns, with the vaulted ceiling half lost in the gloom which two big seven-branch oil-lamps could not dispel. The place was full with a howling, shivering mass of human beings, that thronged right up to where an invisible barrier divided them from a more open space at the further

end of the hall. Rags and jewels jostled one another there. The Mollah stood shoulder by shoulder with the water-carrier, and the dainty silks of the Algerian merchant rubbed against the rough bournous of the son of the desert. And as I craned my neck and strained my eyes I beheld my friend's "devil of a show" at the further end of the hall.

The Aissouahs were celebrating one of their feasts. Some thirty or forty of them were beating immense tambourines with their fists in a wild sort of rhythm, shouting all the while. A chain of a dozen of men, with their heads shaven all but one knot in the centre, and dressed in long white garments, was rushing, and vaulting, and jumping about in front of them. They writhed, and shook their heads violently, until I thought they would tumble off; and then on a sudden one of them would start away, raging up and down the little platform, roaring like a wild beast. He took up a red-hot bar of iron and licked it with his tongue, and passed it all over his body. Then he crunched a piece of

shattered glass between his teeth and swallowed it. Then he took a wriggling snake out of a basket and ate it, biting up head and all with evident enjoyment. (I have had to make a meal of snakes since then, but that was in the awful winter of 1853, in the Kansas Rockies, and then they were cooked, and I well remember what a loathsome meal it was for starving men. So I look back upon that Aissouah's feat with appreciation!) Then another of them passed a dagger through his cheek and walked up and down the place with it. Another stuck red-hot needles eight inches long through his arms, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The affair lasted about two hours, and when I came out of it, I can tell you, I had seen enough to last me for a while.

Of course the self-hypnotisation produced by religious fervour resulted in the insensibility to pain which enabled these fanatics to undergo such tortures; but I have never been able to explain to myself how they get rid of the horrible objects they swallow, for I saw them eat nails, needles, scorpions, and live coals!

A SMALL crowd of us were dining at Carr's, in the Strand, one day, and E. P. Hingston was one of our number.

Artemus Ward's former manager had had a deadly quarrel with a very decent but nasty-tempered old fellow who used now and then to write critical notices for London papers. The spiteful scribe had called Artemus Ward a humbug, and his manager "an empty-pated showman." Hingston had never forgiven that word "empty-pated."

The critic had been laid up for some time with acute inflammatory rheumatism, and subscription after subscription had been got up for him, to every one of which Hingston had resolutely refused to subscribe.

On that day, with our cheese and

ten-guinea ale, the usual subscription-list on behalf of poor F—— was handed round. Man after man looked at it, and put down his name silently, with a deep-drawn sigh. The paper was pushed to Hingston, who flung it away contemptuously. We all cried “Shame!”

“Will you bear a grudge to the man, even now that he is dead?” cried genial and rotund John Thompson of the *Dispatch*.

“Dead!” exclaimed Hingston. “Is he dead? Is it a subscription to bury him? Give me the paper, begad I’ll pay the lot!”



LET me speak of a heroine, simple, holy, and pious, than whom Bayard himself was not more brave. Sister Maria Theresa has been decorated at Tonkin with the Legion of Honour, and the Cross, which is now oftener given to wealthy drapers and successful lawyers than to brave men, certainly never glistened on a more valiant breast.

Sister Maria Theresa has nursed the sick and disabled soldiers of France since she was twenty-two years of age. She was wounded at Balaclava and again at Magenta. She followed the French troops through the campaigns of Syria, China, and Mexico. At Reichshoffen she was found grievously wounded in the midst of a pile of dead cuirassiers.

Barely cured she again joined the troops of the Republic, and was again wounded by a shell which had fallen into her ambulance, and which she carried to a distance of eighty yards from those who were confided to her care. Since then she has been a prominent figure on every battle-field where the French flag was carried in the far East.

A career so glorious and so noble well deserved the only reward Sister Maria Theresa would accept at her country's hands.



THE now evergreen Dion Boucicault was, at one time, the stock author at the Princess's. The versatile Irishman was then desperately in love with the beautiful Agnes Robertson, but both Charles Kean and Mrs. Kean looked with anything but favour upon the proposed match between their adopted daughter and the rather flighty young Irishman.

At this Corydon and Phyllis became sadly disheartened; and, with the connivance and by the advice of a friend, decided to make a bolt and to get married *à la* Gretna Green. All the arrangements were made; the lovely Agnes was to join the faithful Dion, after the performance, at his rooms in Frith Street, Soho, whence they were to escape while a friend covered their retreat.

In the course of the performance Charles Kean got wind of the whole business, and Boucicault, in his turn,

learned that Charles Kean knew all about it. The little tragedian was furious. He wished to surprise the traitor in the act, and personally to drag from his clutches the fair prize he was about to steal.

It was a murky, miserable, rainy night, and the moment he was dressed, the actor enveloped himself in a big cloak and marched off to Frith Street. Boucicault's windows were lighted up fully. They were there, no doubt. They would soon descend, and he would pounce upon them like a hawk upon a dovecot. A quarter of an hour passed, then half an hour, then three-quarters, and then an hour. Oh, how it rained, and nobody seemed to care to come down! At last the little man, shivering and drenched, with the water running in streamlets from his big cloak and from the limp, broad lappets of his hat, rang the bell and was answered immediately. Mr. Boucicault was in and was up. On being shown upstairs, Charles Kean found the young author—*mirabile*

dictu—alone and hard at work, his pen racing over the paper at railway speed.

“Good-evening, Mr. Kean,” was the smiling greeting. “To what circumstance am I indebted for this visit at this hour of the night?”

Charles Kean looked around the room as if to make sure nobody was hidden anywhere.

“You are alone, sir?” he enquired falteringly.

A faint grin beamed on the volatile Irishman’s face.

“I am alone, quite alone, Mr. Kean. Why do you ask?”

The tragedian hardly knew what to make of it.

“I thought, sir, my daughter Agnes, and——”

“Your daughter Agnes!” Boucicault interrupted sternly. “Your daughter Agnes, and what?”

Kean became uncomfortable.

“I understood, sir,” he said, “that you and my daughter were about to run away.”

"How dare you, sir!" cried Boucicault, rising in magnificently acted wrath. "How dare you make such an accusation against your daughter! I am ashamed of you! I am really ashamed of you, Mr. Kean!"

The tragedian retired, soaked and shame-faced, a sadder but not a wiser man.

All the world knows the history of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, and that the events of that evening did not prevent them from becoming man and wife.

Robert Stoepel was the only, and the unseen, witness of the scene I have just described, and I have had it from his own lips.



THERE was once upon a time a good little dog that had been trained to carry a penny in his mouth to the nearest newspaper shop, there to exchange it for a newspaper, which he would bring back to his master.

And there was a bad little boy, who wanted that penny to buy with it a bun with currants in it.

And the bad little boy bethought himself of a plan to nobble that penny for his own private uses, and that plan was a very brilliant plan indeed. The bad little boy brought out with him a lady dog, a naughty, frail, and frisky creature, so that by her wiles he might allure the good little dog, and get him to drop that penny.

And the good little dog fell into the snare, and he dropped the penny, and he ran after the naughty little lady dog. The penny rolled and rolled until it came to a grating which was placed in the gutter to allow the water to fall into the sewer,

and there it fell down, down into the darkness. And the bad little boy lifted up the grating, and was fishing about for the penny, when a rat came and bit off the bad little boy's finger, and, in the meantime, a thief came and stole the little lady dog; and the bad little boy went home without the penny, and without his finger, and without the little lady dog.

Of course, this story is absolutely true!

AN epigram of H. J. Byron's, which, although he used it afterwards in *The American Lady*, will bear repeating, as it has never been published. He was defending the question of superiority of English over American writers.

"What do you say to Webster?" demanded his antagonist.

Byron looked at him with that quiet smile of his, and replied drily:

"Walker!"

WHEN *The Romany Rye* was produced at the Princess's Theatre, Wilson Barrett bought for Miss Eastlake—who was playing the part of Gertie—a beautiful big black Newfoundland called “Lion.” The dog had certain actions assigned him in the play, and his mistress, with gentle assiduity, taught him his part. After the first dozen nights or so he required no training, and went through his performance like the most experienced of actors. He never missed a cue or an entrance, and usually became impatient to go on the stage a good many minutes before the appointed time.

The play ran its hundred nights, and then ceased, and there was no more professional employment for Lion. His mistress used to take him to the Theatre with her; but when the dog came to be

aware that he would not be allowed to follow her on the stage, he became miserable and whined piteously. He grew thinner and thinner, and some nine months after that, when, during a break in the run of *The Silver King*, Miss Eastlake went for a short holiday, and the dog was not only not taken to the theatre, but missed his beloved mistress altogether, he died.

This would prove that it is not young girls merely who can become stage-struck.



S APECK, good old Sapeck, is gone, and nobody can take his place. He was the Theodore Hook of the Latin Quarter, a light-hearted, loud-voiced, devil-may-care, real, dear, good fellow, always ready for a joke, always ready for any devilry. The stories that are told of him are innumerable. I will give only one.

He rushed into a barber's shop one day, tore off his coat, flung his hat into a corner, and jumped into a seat:

"Shave me quickly, if you please;" he cried, "I'm in a great hurry!"

The barber, an obese, phlegmatic Auvergnat, replied gruffly:

"All in good time, all in good time, Monsieur," and he set to work slowly stropping his razor.

A student entered then, and sat down, evidently waiting his turn; then came another, and another, and yet another, and half a dozen more, and more still, and

they sat on tables, and benches, and chairs, and on one another's laps, all waiting the barber's leisure. The fat little man rushed through his work at railway speed, and Sapeck was shaven in a twinkling. That over, Sapeck paid his two sous, took up his hat, and walked to the door. All the others rose and followed him.

"But these gentlemen!" cried the disconsolate fat man, "do they not wish to be shaved?"

"Oh, mon Dieu, no!" answered Sapeck, "I only made a bet with my friend over there that you would shave me in less than two minutes, and my comrades have come to see you do it!"

And they all went out, singing "*Messieurs les étudiants*," &c.



CHARLES MATHEWS, in 1873 or 1874, was playing *My Awful Dad*, at the Londesboro', Scarborough. Ted Royce was playing the "Awful Dad's" prim barrister-son, and between the acts the call-boy brought Mathews a note. They asked for a subscription to help to bury a poor town official, who had died penniless, leaving the usual disconsolate widow, and the unusual starving eleven orphans; and they only asked for half-a-crown.

"Poor man, poor man—poor woman," muttered Charles, searching his pocket for a coin of the realm,—“poor man; what was he?”

"He was our sheriff's officer," replied the petitioning individual, who was looking over the call-boy's shoulder.

"A sheriff's officer!" cried Charles, in amazement. "Bury a sheriff's officer for half-a-crown! My God! here's a sovereign; go and bury eight!"

E. D. DAVIS, as manager of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, once made a blunder in his booking, and engaged two tragedians—Tom Mead and James Anderson—as stars for the same identical week. He tried to alter the dates, but both men were either too obstinate or otherwise unable to make a change. He had engaged two stars for that week, and he had to use them both.

But now came the difficulty. Both actors were of equal position in the theatrical world, both hailed from Drury Lane, and both had equal right to the fat parts. By dint of exquisite and delicate diplomacy, Davis managed to bring the two lions to a quasi-friendly mutual understanding. The pieces played were to be such as to afford the opportunities to both. *Othello*, with the Moor and Iago, was, of course, all right. James Anderson had played Macduff at Drury Lane, and would stoop

to take that part at Newcastle. Tom Mead delighted in Don Cæsar, and therefore consented that *Ruy Blas* should be billed. On the other hand, Joseph Surface was one of his favourite rôles, and thus *The School for Scandal* was all right for the Thursday. But the difficulty was the Friday—the grand, the fashionable, the benefit night. On that occasion, both stars agreed that *Hamlet* was the only play possible, and after protracted and anxious negotiations, it was arranged that Shakespeare's tragedy should be divided into six acts, and each tragedian should play in three of these.

But here another and most embarrassing question arose. Whichever of the two commenced the play would not be able to finish it, but would have to leave all the glory and the excitement of the final applause to his secretly-detested rival. Both were more than courteously polite, and both desired to leave the honour of precedence in the matter of commencing the play to the other. Neither of them suggested for a single moment that the end of the play was in his mind. They

were simply eager and anxious to show towards one another the cordiality of their professional friendship, by their stubborn insistence to take second place, as far as the beginning of the play was concerned.

Davis at last suggested that they should toss for their respective positions in the programme.

"Toss!" said Tom. "Toss! I never toss. But I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Davis. I'll play him a game of cribbage if he's to commence the play or I."

The game of cribbage was played, and to make the score sure—such was the confidence towards one another of the two players—they called in the proprietor of the hotel opposite the theatre, for the purpose of marking the game. Anderson lost, and when he afterwards discovered that Mead was staying at that very hotel, he persisted in his assertion that he had not been fairly treated after all!

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, as war correspondent of the *Times* during the Russo-Turkish War, was caught by the encircling coils of the Russian Army before Plevna, and compelled to remain in the Bulgarian town during Osman Pacha's brilliant and stubborn defence,—himself and a young Irish surgeon being the only English-speaking people in the place. The Hibernian was a man of rare recklessness and phlegmatic nonchalance under fire, and Murray relates an amusing story about him.

The war correspondent and the doctor were living in a little ram-shackle, tumble-down house, which was out of the range of the then erected Russian batteries. One night, however, the Russians got some rifled cannon into much nearer position; and while Murray and the doctor were slumbering peacefully, a huge shell came crashing through their wall, smashing the

low roof into fragments, and flashing out again at the further wall, after which feat it exploded some little distance beyond with noise and vibration enough to call up imaginings of a sudden earthquake. Murray and his friend were buried beneath a shower of plaster, mortar, brick, tiles, wood and stone, and for a minute or two could barely find breathing-time to wipe the dirt and dust from their eyes, mouths, and noses, and to look at each other with a grim, half-amused amazement.

When the fit of sneezing and coughing was over, and the Irish surgeon had crawled out from beneath the heap of rubbish which half-covered him, he shook himself very much as a poodle would after having been in the water, stamped his foot and cried :

“ Who the divil trusted those d—— Russians wid a gun ? It’s a hurting somebody they’ll be afther, if they don’t mind ! ”

THEY were playing "poker" on board of the *Henry Clay* stern-wheel steamer, on one of her journeys between Louisville and Memphis, and the members of the easy-conscienced and nimble-fingered fraternity were indulging in the usual amount of cheating. Greenhorn after greenhorn left the table plucked and cleared out. Among the bystanders was Herrmann, prince among card manipulators, and king among *prestidigitateurs*.

One of the blacklegs invited Herrmann to join their party, and Herrmann reluctantly allowed himself to be persuaded. After that, things somehow or other went wrong with the ring. One of them would imagine that he had a flush, and would find himself only with four of a suit. Another would have sworn that he had four two's; but when called upon, could not even produce a pair. The cleverest of the lot made a desperate

effort to embezzle some of the court cards, to make use of on future occasions, when he was calmly addressed by Herrmann :

“ My dear sir, it is absurdly useless for you to attempt to steal either aces, kings, or queens ; for I have them all here in my hand ! ”

Even the air of injured innocence which the thieves assumed at being thus caught did not save them from being put speedily overboard, lucky to escape without being lynched.



GEORGE DAWSON, great among journalists and among preachers, was one day asked to speak at the Master Cutlers' Banquet at Sheffield. He was journeying from Birmingham to the city of the razor manufacturers, and in the same compartment with him there were two gentlemen, evidently bound for the same destination. The strangers were discussing the great event of the day, the banquet, and one of them loudly expressed his disgust at the fact that George Dawson had been selected for the signal honour and distinction conferred upon him. George Dawson listened quietly and patiently behind his newspaper to the contemptuous and offensive personalities which were being heaped upon him.

"Do you know George Dawson?" asked the one stranger, at last, of the reviler.

"Know him!" retorted the other with a sneer, "I should think I did! I went

to school with him; and to this day the mean cuss owes me ten shillings, which he has never paid!"

Dawson thought it was, perhaps, time to interfere; and, pulling out his card-case, he handed a card to each of the strangers.

"I am sorry to disturb your private conversation, gentlemen," he said; "but I think it is only right that you should know who I am."

Neither of the gentlemen appeared at the banquet that evening!



ARTHUR MATTHISON, at one time, wrote the libretto of an opera, of which Robert Stoepel, then the conductor of the Lyceum orchestra, was composing the music. Robert Stoepel had ideas of his own concerning the relative value of librettos and their musical setting, and he looked upon the librettist as a mere machine for putting words to his melodies. He was obstinate enough to imagine it right and just that the author should write words to his airs, and not that the composer should write music to the words. In addition to that, he insisted that, all music being divided into bars of equal value, it must necessarily be symmetrical and rhythmical in a poetical sense. It made no difference to him if the bar contained one semibreve or four quavers; the bars were equal, and they had to be equal for the purpose of being clothed in words. The result of this was, that Arthur and Stoepel were

continually rowing with one another, and the language used on such occasions was far more forcible than polite.

"I'm not such a fool as *you* look," cried Matthison to Stoepel one day, imagining that he had the old man by the hip, by this, then new, version of the old saying.

The rotund composer turned round at his piano, and looked at Arthur confusedly for a moment.

"You look? I look?" he muttered in self-question. "You mean," he continued in that quiet, stolid, half-French, half-German accent of his,—“you mean that you do not look such a fool as you are!”

These ebullitions were generally of but short duration, and passed away like the breath of the wind over the waters, and Matthison and Stoepel remained excellent friends, although their opera has never been played.

IN the early days of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Joseph Moses Levy used to look very carefully after the expenses of the paper. Extravagance was worse than a sin, it was a crime to him, and what could be had for a shilling was not allowed to be bought for thirteen pence. The reporters' necessary expenses for cabs were checked with an Argus-like vigilance, and on one occasion the old gentleman came across an account in which a young man had charged eighteen pence for cab-hire between Fleet Street and the Houses of Parliament. The offender was called into the proprietorial presence.

"How is this, Mr.——?" the lord of the *Daily Telegraph* asked sternly. "The fare between Fleet Street and Westminster is one shilling: you have charged eighteen pence."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Levy," the culprit replied, "but, you see, I have always got to be in such a hurry, and I have to tell

the men to drive fast. And then, if I don't give them sixpence extra, they swear at me."

"They swear at you!" the old man retorted quietly. "Give them a shilling, Mr. —, and swear at *them*!"

J. L. SEFTON, while managing the *Pygmalion and Galatea* Company, happened one day to be staying at an hotel in Blackburn. The dining-room waitress was a good-looking, strapping Lancashire lass, fully aware of the advantages of her personal appearance and correspondingly impertinent.

One day at dinner Sefton found a long fair hair in the soup, and remonstrated with the young lady on the subject.

She was not in any way discomfited. "Yo' can give it baack to me," she said calmly; "it's mine."

AT another time Sefton had to give a one-night performance at Longton, in Staffordshire, and he arrived with his company in the pottery and colliery town one evening when every inn in the place was full to overflow with the crowds attracted by a Parliamentary contest. He wandered, with one of his actors, disconsolately through the streets, in the hope of finding a place where they might rest their heads for the night.

At last, after long, weary, and up to that time fruitless search, they saw in the window of a little cottage a card bearing the ill-written inscription, "Lodgings for Single Young Men."

"We may pass for single," said Sefton to his companion, "and perhaps we may pass for young."

An old woman was sitting knitting by the side of the cottage door, and Sefton asked her if she had any rooms to let.

"Aye, aye," she replied; "and who may they be for?"

"For ourselves," Sefton replied, with his most captivating smile.

The old woman dropped her knitting for a moment, and looked Sefton up and down in a scrutinising manner.

The manager of the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, rather prided himself upon his personal appearance, and was taken considerably down by that glance.

"We belong to the theatre, my good lady," he said.

"Oh, you're play hactors, then!" the old woman continued, more sternly than ever.

"You may call us actors if you like," Sefton replied, a little nettled by the cross-examination.

"You don't get no lodgin's here, then!" the cottager exclaimed. "I had some o' them play hactin' chaps last week, and they wanted to wash themselves ivery day,—not for me, thank you!"

FRANK MUSGRAVE was rehearsing a number of girls, fresh from the lace-makers' factory, for his Nottingham pantomime. There was but little comprehension of the science of music among the lot, and one damsel especially persisted in continually singing out of tune.

"What are you about, my girl?" cried Musgrave, ready to tear his hair, after repeated and fruitless attempts to imbue his chorister with the spirit of harmony. "You're flat! You're abominably flat!"

"What do you mean, Muster Musgrave?" replied the young lady, striking her voluminous chest. "If you call that flat, show me them what isn't!"

MR. J. C. SMITH, for many years stage-manager of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, prided himself on his performance of Othello. Smith's rotund figure was well known; and, with his big, long black moustaches, he fancied himself the most typical representative of the famous Moor. At one time he was touring through South Wales, and he had engaged as his leading lady a young, bright, quick-witted actress, who has developed into one of our most charming, most pathetic, and most popular of theatrical stars. Smith, when engaged in smothering Desdemona, used to handle the young lady with absurd roughness and uncouthness,—indeed, once he came very near to smothering her effectually: and he excused himself by stating that he was carried away by the excitement of his part, and that he could not help himself.

Now, when Othello figuratively quenches Desdemona's light, it is not requisite that

the cushion should in any way touch the actress's face. The make-believe can be easily and perfectly carried out without that. The young lady got tired of Smith's histrionic and artistic over-excitement, and having been used very badly indeed on a previous occasion, during the next performance of *Othello* she took her little Yorkshire terrier into the fatal bed with her, and hid him behind one of the pillows. The moment Smith approached, "Doddie" pricked up his ears and commenced to growl. Smith, surprised for a moment, looked daggers, and muttered a suppressed oath, but went on with his part. The young lady put her free arm around the doggie's neck and soothed him down.

"Put down the dog, madam!" Smith whispered fiercely between his lines.

"I can't," the young lady replied in the same undertone. "The bed's against the flat."

Smith continued his *rôle*, with his eyes fixed upon the little creature that kept on growling. The time came for clutching Desdemona, and Smith, with his heart in

his boots, gingerly stretched out a nervous hand; but he had not approached within six inches, when snap, "Doddie" flashed his white teeth at him.

Smith drew back; but there was no help for it. The pillow had to be used in some way or other, and Desdemona had to be theatrically smothered. But then there ensued such a fight between the dog, the man, and the pillow as the legitimate stage had never before seen, and is never likely again to witness. The pillow suffered much, but the man not less, and the curtain was rung down amidst the frantic cheers of the Welsh colliers, who wished to have the scene repeated, after the style of a comic song.

None of Mr. Smith's performances of Othello had ever ended so triumphantly!



F. B. CHATTERTON, in the heyday of his glory, manager of Drury Lane, the Princess's, and the Adelphi, one day had occasion to visit the wilds of Bayswater. His business kept him longer than he had bargained for, and he discharged his cab, intending, the day being fine, to walk back as far as Kensington Park. But a theatrical manager proposes, and the weather disposes; and Chatterton had hardly descended into the street when the Clerk of the Weather changed his fickle mind, and sent down a regular summer shower.

Chatterton's heart rejoiced when he was able to hail a passing 'bus. The vehicle seemed to be crammed full, but the "meek and mild" lord of the national theatre was able to squeeze himself into a corner, where an evidently bad-tempered young lady made so much room for him as to allow him to sit down sideways.

Chatterton, in a soft and persuasive manner not at all habitual to him, asked

the proud beauty to give him a little more space.

"People who aren't satisfied with the room they get in 'busses," snapped the haughty one, "ought to ride in cabs!"

The great man opened his eyes wide. He was accustomed to so much submissiveness, to so much deference, that this little spirited flare rather warmed him for the fray. He was not the man to take one shilling of this sort of game without giving back twelve pence.

"Madam," he said, "you are taking up at least twenty inches. Sixteen is the space allowed to each traveller in an omnibus; and I should say that twelve would be enough for you—you're thin enough."

"You're an ill-bred, vulgar man," retorted the offended fair one, "and I'll sit on as large a space as I like!"

With that she spread out her, at that time fashionable, crinoline even wider than before.

"Madam," exclaimed Chatterton, "if you don't take your cage out of my way, I'll put my foot through it! I have a right to sixteen inches, and I will have them!"

“You’re a brute!” replied the damsel. “I should say that you passed your time in measuring cotton behind some counter; and they’ve let you out, and you’ve taken more than is good for you!”

“No, my good young woman,” answered the Napoleon of the drama of the last generation; “I pass my time in teaching good manners to forward young ladies like yourself!”

The journey was continued amidst a war of words, and when Chatterton stopped the omnibus at the door of the Princess’s Theatre, the young lady’s eyes were filled with tears of rage. She had called the great manager every opprobrious name she could think of, and they seemed to have no more effect upon him than water upon a duck’s back.

When Chatterton alighted and entered the theatre she turned ghastly pale. She left the vehicle also, and made her way to the stage-door.

A few minutes afterwards, while the manager was sitting in his private room, a letter was brought to him. The missive turned out to be from an old and valued

friend, earnestly recommending to his care and kindness a young lady in straitened circumstances who wished to adopt the Stage as a profession.

Chatterton ordered the hall-keeper to send up the applicant ; and who should it turn out to be but the young virago of the omnibus, who, with ashen face and trembling hands, remained standing at the door, ready to sink into the ground for shame ! She could only stammer :

“ I’m so sorry, sir ; I’m so sorry ! ”

“ Well, I never ! ” exclaimed the master of the Princess’s, looking her up and down. “ It’s a good thing for you that I don’t pass my time in measuring cotton behind a counter, and in getting drunk afterwards ! Let this be a lesson to you. I’ll give you a chance, for my old friend’s sake, your wicked tongue notwithstanding. This will teach you to keep a bridle upon it.”

The lady has been on the stage ever since, and she is one of the most affable and charming of women. It *was* a lesson to her !

I WAS staying at Brownsville, opposite Matamorras, in Texas, during the period when paper collars were first worn in the Southern States, and, with my usual carelessness, I flung the first used batch of these among the rest of my linen, which the negro laundress took away to be washed.

The next morning poor Sally came into my room, wringing her hands, whilst a perfect flood of tears coursed down her cheeks.

"I'se done it, mas'r," she whined, wiping her shining face with her apron; "I'se done it! You won't whip me, mas'r; will you? I didn't mean ter do it, mas'r; I didn't!"

"What have you done, Sally?" I asked. "Out with it! I won't beat you, not likely. Come now!"

"I didn't mean ter do it!" she continued to blubber.

"What didn't you mean to do?" I

demanded peremptorily. She looked at me in fear and trembling.

"Yer kollers, mas'r," she whimpered; "yer kollers! I don't know what I'se been an' done to dem, but dey'se all gone an' biled away!"

The poor old woman had thrown the paper collars into the copper with the rest of the linen, and to her dismay nothing remained of them but some thin and indefinable strips of useless rags. It took me a long time to convince her that she was guiltless of misconduct, and that it was not her fault that "de kollers was all biled away!"



WHEN Mr. Wilson Barrett was about to produce his version of *East Lynne* at the Olympic Theatre, it was found that no manuscript of the play was in existence. Parts were equally deficient. Miss Heath and Mr. Barrett had played the piece many hundreds of times, and the members of their provincial company were so conversant with it that the prompt-copy had not been required for years; and when London actors were called upon to take the places of their humble provincial friends, there was no scrip to study from. The play lived only in the memory of the actors, and to obtain a new manuscript these were called together and a private undress performance was given, whilst a shorthand-writer, seated in a private box, took down the speeches verbatim. In this way a new prompt-copy was obtained.

A MAN was charged in a French law-court with selling adulterated wine.

The analytical chemist who was called to prove the offence testified, upon oath, that not a drop of grape-juice of any kind formed part of the noxious compound sold as wine. The defendant was condemned to pay a heavy fine, which he paid upon the spot. On leaving the court-house he sought out the chemist.

"How could you state so positively that there was no grape-juice whatever in my wine?" he asked.

"Because," answered the man of science, "grape-juice always causes the formation of cream-of-tartar, and there was no trace of that on your barrels."

"Thank you," was the unblushing reply.
"You will find some the next time!"

ONE of our best known dramatic authors is as generous in lending money as he is determinedly obstreperous in repaying what he owes. A friend, a painter, who was none too well off himself, had lent him ten pounds, and being in want of the cash, he called upon the dramatist at the Garrick Club, for the purpose of obtaining a settlement of the loan. The dramatist was in a most jovial mood, and he invited the artist to stay and dine with him. The meal was Lucullian, and the wines of the finest.

"I say, old fellow," broke out the artist during one of the dainty courses, "I am deucedly pressed for money just now; I wish you'd pay me those ten pounds."

The dramatist's face elongated itself like a concertina.

"I can't, my boy," he replied tartly. "I'm hard up myself. They chalk this sort of thing up here, you know. You

mustn't think because I can stand you a good dinner, that I can pay you, you know."

The painter scratched his head, and the meal continued. The fine wines were succeeded by choice old liqueurs, and some big cigars were placed on the table.

"I've got to meet a bill to-morrow," said the artist, puffing away at one of these, "and what to do about it I don't know. I wish to heaven I could find a man to lend me twenty pounds!"

"Do you want twenty pounds?" the man of many plays asked eagerly.

"I do that, my boy," the painter answered with a sigh.

"Then why didn't you say so before, old fellow?" the author exclaimed, producing two notes from his waistcoat pocket. "Here's the money, and very glad to be able to lend it to you!"

THE director of an Anglo-Parisian journal went to Monte Carlo to draw his usual half-yearly subvention. The eighteen crisp hundred-franc notes were in his pocket; and, as the rules of the Administration forbade him to enter the gambling salon, he gave the little sheaf to the lady who was with him, who, thus provided, entered the *salle des jeux*. Less than fifteen minutes afterwards she returned, having duly lost the lot.

“How is it,” asked a friend when the journalist-gambler’s pale face and white lips proclaimed the disappointment caused by his loss, “that *you*, who ought to know better, fling your money away in this idiotic manner?”

“I do it on principle,” replied the disconsolate one, savagely. “I wouldn’t soil my fingers with a farthing of their filthy money for anything in the world!”

A DISTINGUISHED English novelist prides himself upon his melodious baritone voice. He was sitting by his open window at Hastings one day, writing and warbling, and now and then casting a glance at the goats that were tranquilly browsing in a field on the other side of the road, when two women, each with a basket on her arm, passed the house. They did not perceive the distinguished novelist thus pleasantly engaged ; but the latter's imitation tyrolien reached their ears.

"What's that noise?" asked one of the women.

"I don't know," replied the other. "Oh!" she added, "it's them nanny-goats."

The novelist thought that extempore criticism scathing.

AN elaborate production of *Macbeth* was being prepared at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and a special thunder-box was installed for the purpose. Cannon-balls rolled down zigzag sheet-iron inclines, dashed against one another, and then dropped upon iron plates many feet below. At the principal rehearsal the property-men were just getting the apparatus into working order, when a violent thunder-storm broke loose, and before they could set their machinery in motion the real fury of the elements thundered and crashed.

"What are you about?" cried the manager to the men. "Not half loud enough!"

"It's the real thunder, sir," replied the property-master humbly.

"Real thunder!" shouted the dissatisfied one. "Real thunder! What do you mean?"

"It's the thunder out in the street," was the apologetic explanation.

"Thunder in the street!" roared the manager. "It won't do at all. It may do for the street, but it isn't good enough for the Theatre Royal—make up your mind for that!"

THE Parisian Students' Society play a *revue* every year, and their last programme contains a couple of jokes which I will quote.

"All the actors," it says, "have equal genius: some of them even more; therefore, their names have been arranged alphabetically from Z to A."

"Those of the spectators who do not laugh with facility are requested to allow their neighbours to tickle them during the performance."

The programme does not say to what sex the neighbours are to belong.

ONE of the most delightful of English writers is a poetic dreamer, as careless of his person as he is careful of the dainty finish of his verse.

He was strolling along St. James's Park one forenoon, his mind in the clouds that cap Olympus, when he was accosted by a friend.

"I know what you had for breakfast this morning," said the latter mischievously. "I'll bet sixpence that I can tell you."

"What have I had for breakfast?" inquired the poet, rather absentmindedly.

"Why, eggs, of course," retorted the friend.

"Eggs, eggs," muttered Master Rhymer, "eggs! To be sure—to be sure. I ate no eggs to-day. What made you think I had eggs for breakfast?"

The forward inquirer was in a difficulty, and how to get out of it gracefully was the question.

"I am a good hand at guessing generally," he stammered; "and—and——"

At that moment the dreamer noticed a speck of yolk of egg on his beard.

"Ah, I see!" he exclaimed, wiping away the treacherous morsel. "This made you think so. But I had these the day before yesterday."

A FRENCH Minister of State, a little while ago, received a petition in which the candidate claimed to have served the country during a hundred and twenty-four years.

"I have been Poor Law Guardian," he said, "for thirty years. For eighteen years I have been delegate on the District Board of Works. I have served on juries for seven-and-twenty years, and I have been a taxpayer for forty-nine years."

The applicant added these years together, and totalled them up—a hundred and twenty-four. In spite of this unusually long service, his petition was not granted!

A YOUNG comedian, who had a very favourable opinion about himself, applied for an engagement to John Ryder, when the latter was stage-manager of the Queen's Theatre.

"How long have you been at the Theatre Royal, Manchester?" asked John.

"One season," answered the applicant.

"And what did you do there?" demanded the great teacher of elocution.

"I learned there how to act," the young man replied proudly.

"Clever for you," retorted John. "I've been more than twenty years over that, and I haven't learned it to my satisfaction yet!"

"Ah! you see," answered the would-be comedian totally unabashedly, "things are done so much quicker now-a-days."

That young actor did *not* rise in his profession.

A FAIR young lady, freshly escaped from the fetters of burlesque, was rehearsing the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, which she was to enact at a benefit performance—Sam Emery being the stage-manager.

When she came to the lines—

“Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden-blush bepaint my cheek,”

she found a sad stumbling-block in the two “b’s” and the “p” of “blush bepaint.” Try as she might, she could not get the words to trip on her tongue.

“What a bother, Mr. Emery!” she exclaimed. “How could a man write about ‘a blush be—be—bepainting a cheek’?”

“Ah! my dear,” replied Emery drily, “I can well imagine that *you* cannot understand a blush bepainting a cheek!”

She understood neither the phrase nor the satire. Since then she has left the stage, and married a millionaire.

A BIBULOUS rogue who had once been a decent fellow and a decent actor was brought so low by drink, that he roamed about Liverpool and occupied his time in fleecing the stars who played at the different theatres. His memory was as short-lived as his gratitude.

J. L. Toole, most charitable and kindly-hearted of great comedians, was leaving the stage-door of the Alexandra one night, when he was accosted by the bibulous one.

"For the Lord's sake, Mr. Toole, please lend me ten shillings! My mother has just died, and I am at my wits' ends for money to bury her."

"Dear me!" replied big-hearted John. "How sad! Your mother, did you say? Poor fellow!"

And the half-sovereign changed hands.

During the following fortnight Toole played at Manchester, and then went back to Liverpool for a return engagement.

It was a blazing-hot night at the end of June when the half-tipsy rogue again accosted the comedian at the stage-door.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Toole," he whined, "please lend a poor wretched fellow ten shillings! My mother is dead, and I don't know how to bury her."

"My good man," remonstrated Toole, "you told me that she died nearly three weeks ago, and now you say she isn't buried yet! In this hot weather, how can that be?"

The toper drew himself up as proudly as he could.

"Look here, Mr. Toole," he hiccupped, "you're a great actor, I know; but who the deuce is to know better when my mother died, you or I?"

The half-sovereign did not change hands that night.



DURING the Boulangist disturbances in Paris, a young lady—a pretty young lady, but a rather forward young lady, I must say—tried her powers of persuasion on an officer of the Gardes de Paris, who barred the approach to the boulevard on the Place de l'Opéra. She is an American, and with an American's confidence in herself she walked straight up to the lieutenant, and asked him in English why the street was blockaded.

The officer, seeing that she was pretty and well-dressed, and not understanding in the least what she said, imagined that she wanted to be passed through the lines, and handed her over to the care of a policeman, who marched her, *nolens volens*, to the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and left her there in the crowd, before the forward lady's friends, who were waiting at a little distance, became aware of what had happened.

The young lady has taken a vow never to "cheek" a French policeman again. "They are so polite," she says, "that they don't understand a joke."

Fancy a policeman of any nationality understanding a joke!

ONE afternoon, nearly five-and-twenty years since, four gay, good fellows—the painters, Marchal and Léon Goupil, the designer, Victor Davou, and Oliver Metra entered a café on the Place Pigalle, to take their absinthe. The place was in a state of commotion—waiters scurrying about, customers gesticulating excitedly. The beer served at the establishment had been found of a peculiar flavour, and the proprietor, after a desperate search, had discovered a huge dead rat in the beer-engine. Goupil was equal to the occasion. The offending beer was wasted in baptising the place the “Café du Rat Mort,” and Goupil there and then painted an enormous rat on the ceiling. The romance of that dead rat was afterwards immortalised by two panel pictures painted by Davou, and two more painted by Marchal, which are still in the café, which, with the Auberge du Cloû and the Chat Noir, forms the trio of recognised artists’ cafés of the Montmartre district.

HOWARD PAUL, in the brightest of spirits, and freshly returned from a lucrative entertainment tour, was met in the Strand by a friend.

"By Jove, old man," exclaimed the latter, "you don't look a bit older than when I first knew you, ten years ago!"

"Don't say that," retorted the merry retailer of clever trifles. "I'm thirty-five, you know. I'm getting on!"

About twenty years after that, the same friend met Howard Paul in Paris, looking as hale and as youthful as if there were no destroyer called Time, and as neat and as dainty as a new pin.

"You are a wonder, Paul!" he cried. "You look younger to-day than you did twenty years ago!"

"Don't say that," answered the famous *raconteur*. "I'm forty-five, if I'm a day!"

The friend pursed his lips in astonishment :

“Forty-five ?” he enquired doubtfully.

“Yes, my boy,” replied Paul. “A man is as old as he looks ; a woman, as old as she feels !”

This new version of the old saying is protected by special letters patent.

AT a Parisian restaurant, between Franco-English journalists :—

First Anglo-Parisian pays for his dinner. Second ditto has his chalked up.

Second A.P.J. : “Don’t you make such a mighty fuss of paying for your dinner. I may be able to pay for mine next week.”

First A.P.J. : “Don’t you make such a deuced show of chalking yours up. I may be able to chalk mine up next week.”

AN American gentleman, living in a Parisian suburb, bought in London some particularly choice and rare dahlia bulbs for the purpose of stocking his garden with them. They were passed all right through the Custom House at Calais, but the Paris octroi officials proved more obstinate. They had no such article, they said, in their schedule of tariffs, and the bulbs would have to lie there until the matter could be referred to the Récéveur-Général.

Thereupon the American chanced upon a happy idea. "Tariff them as sweet potatoes," he said; "they are exactly the same thing."

"Very well," said the octroi officer, and marked the parcel in big white chalk letters, "*Patates*."

The package reached the horticulturist's house in the course of the same day, and was immediately pounced upon by the cook. That lady was accustomed to see her master's table supplied with American delicacies, such as cranberries, Newtown pippins, oysters, and clams. She boiled the dahlia bulbs, and served them as sweet potatoes.

My enthusiastic amateur had paid for them prices varying from three to ten shillings a piece, but for table purposes they were a failure!



REGIMENTS of most armies have had dogs, and many of them are famous. Everybody has read about "Moustache," whom Marshal Lannes decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, at Austerlitz, for having saved the flag of his regiment, which had fallen from the grasp of the dying officer who carried it.

Equally well known is the dog, I forget just now his name, of our own 66th—a white-haired and brown-spotted sort of Pomeranian—who stood among the last eleven of that ill-fated regiment in the hail of bullets at Maiwand, and was the only survivor. He was found in Ayoub's camp when General Roberts took it, and I remember how proud his regiment was of him while they were stationed at the Isle of Wight.

Then there was "Gee," the bull-terrier of the Louisiana Regiment, who saved his colonel by flying at the throat of the man

who was about to plunge his bayonet into him.

Among the many other soldier-dogs, I will only mention "Sanglot," the mongrel poodle of the Second Gardes Nationaux de la Seine, who in June, 1848, ran to the officer commanding the supports, and would not leave him until he came to the aid—just in the nick of time—of some forty of the Guards who had run into a *cul de sac* near the Panthéon, where they were surrounded, and being massacred by the Reds.



GEORGE MOORE, the English disciple of Zola, had a play accepted at the Odéon; and at the same time an adaptation of *Othello* was being rehearsed at the theatre.

He called one morning, and asked to see the manager.

"What name shall I give, monsieur?" demanded the concierge.

"Tell M. Porell, that the English author whose play he has accepted desires to see him."

The concierge went towards the manager's room. On his way he met one of the employés.

"There is a gentleman in the hall who tells me he is the English author whose play has just been accepted," he said to the official.

"Quite right," answered the latter. "Send him in. Monsieur Shakespeare, no doubt!"

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